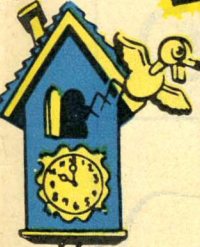




and

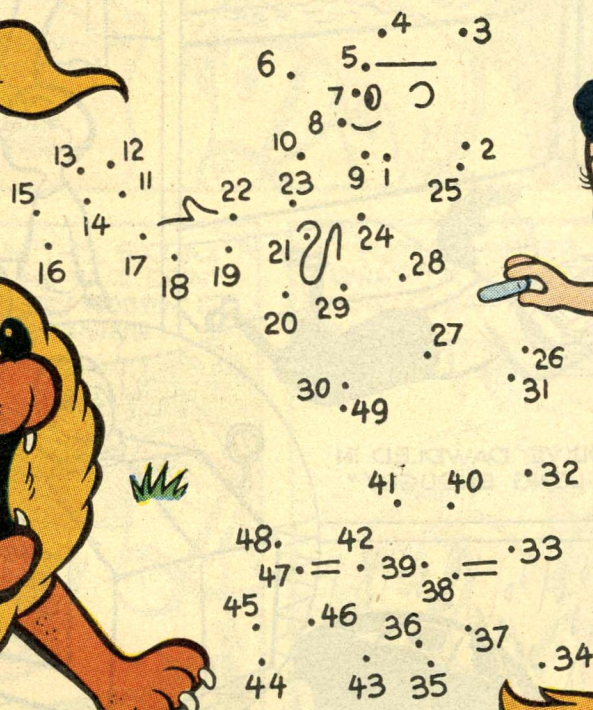
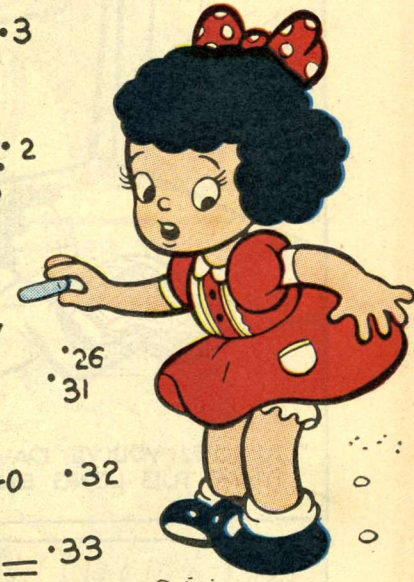


NO.
31

TICK TOCK

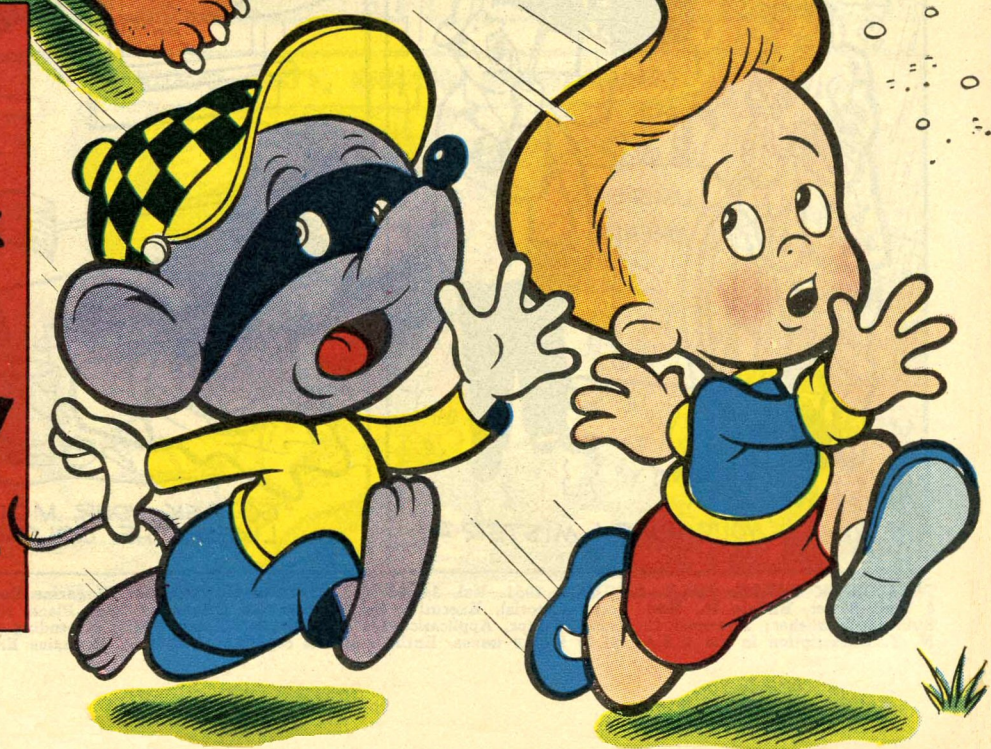
TALES

10¢



HELP
Judy
and her
Magic Chalk
save
Muggsy
and
Raymond!

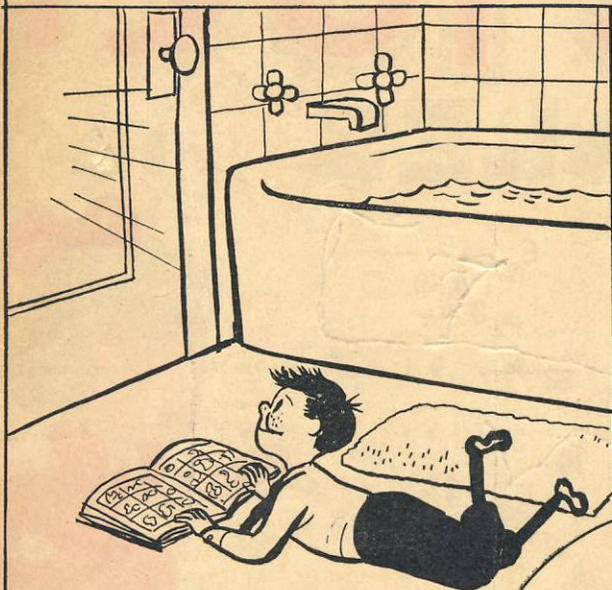
Draw a line
through the dots
from 1 to 49.



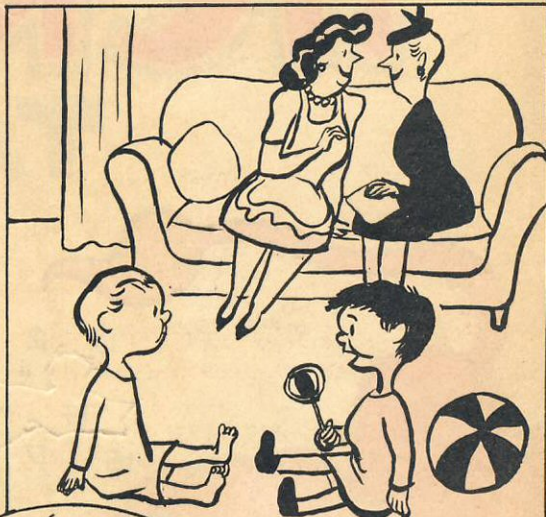


WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

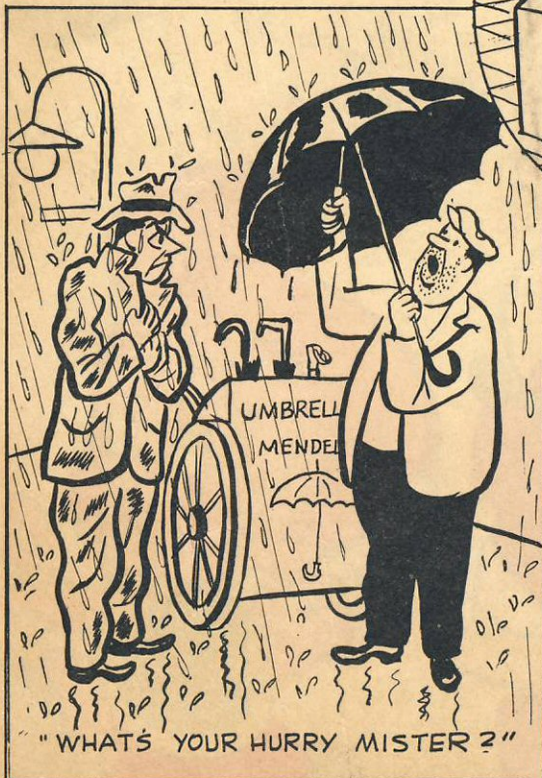
DAFFY DOODLES



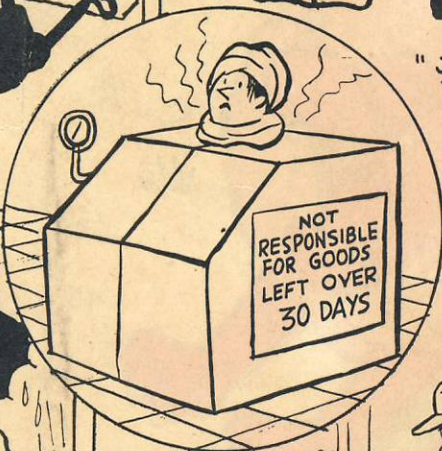
"JUNIOR! YOU'VE DAWDLED IN THAT TUB LONG ENOUGH!"



"JUST WHAT IS THE EXACT MEANING OF 'OOS ITTL MAN IS OO'?"



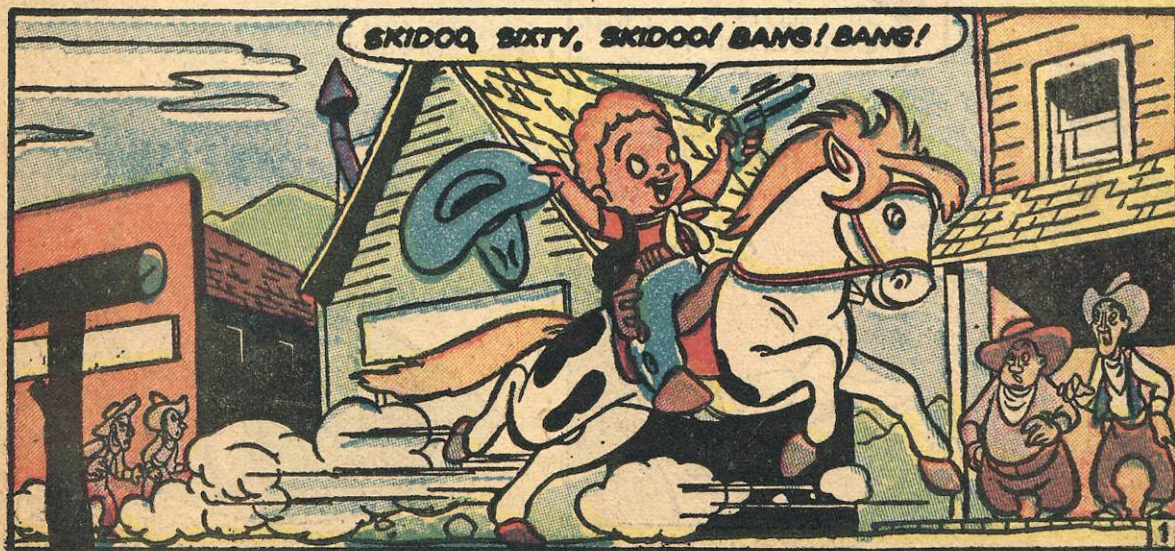
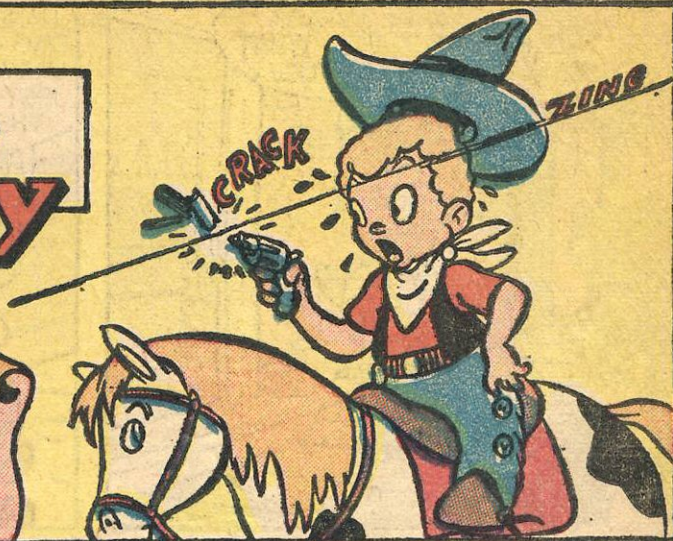
"WHAT'S YOUR HURRY MISTER?"

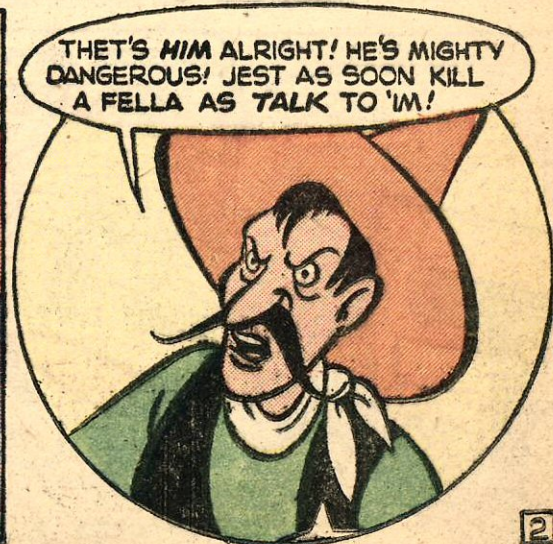
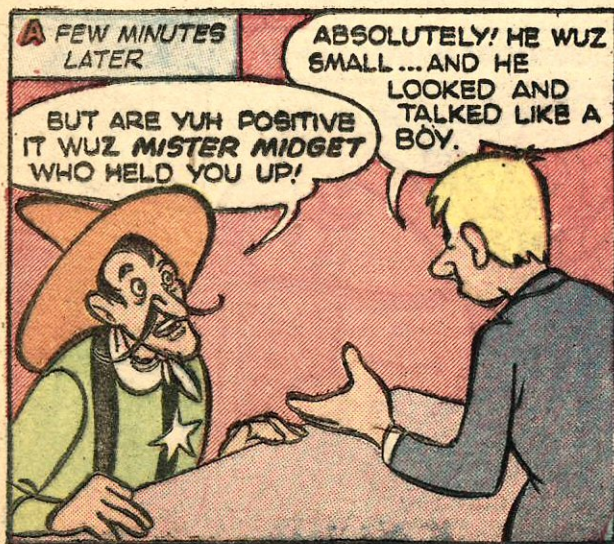
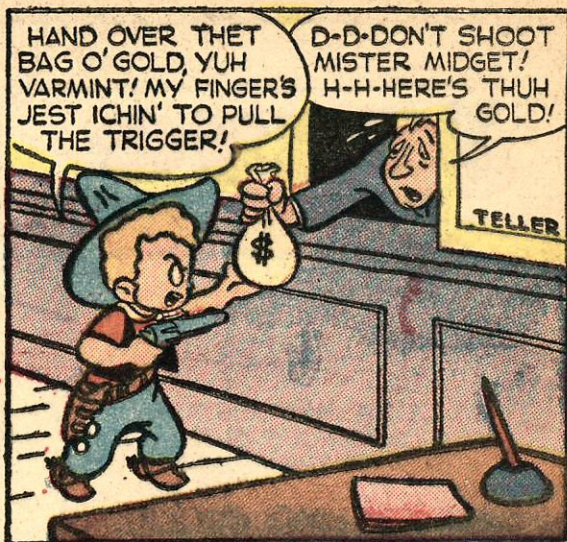


"GO ASK YOUR MOTHER IF SHE LIKES THE COLOR?"

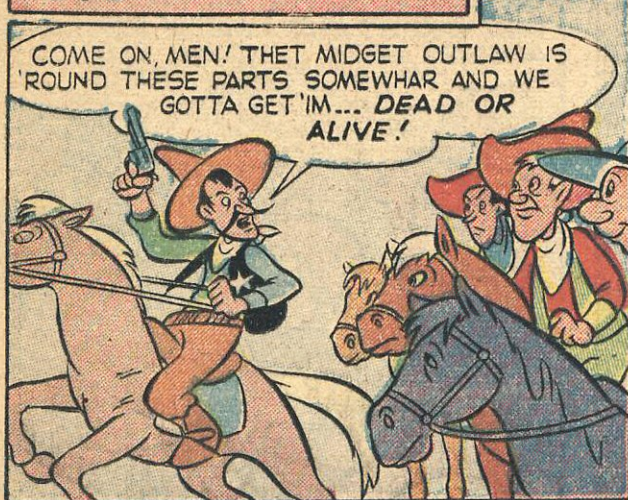
Jesse Jimmy

WHEN JIMMY WAS MISTAKEN FOR A DANGEROUS OUTLAW BY THE SHERIFF, THE ERROR ALMOST TURNS OUT TO BE FATAL...IN...MEET MISTER MIDGET!"

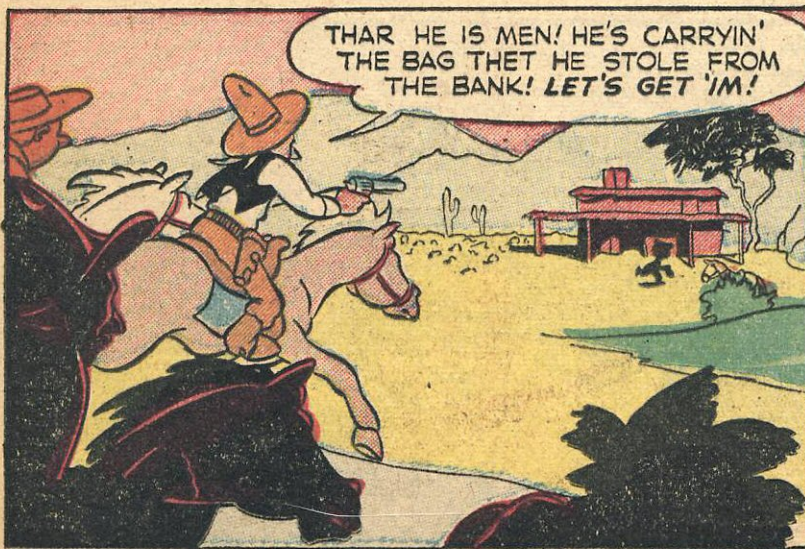
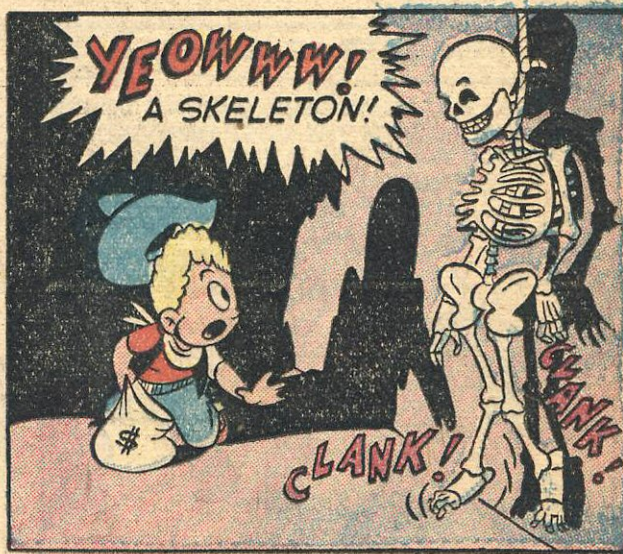
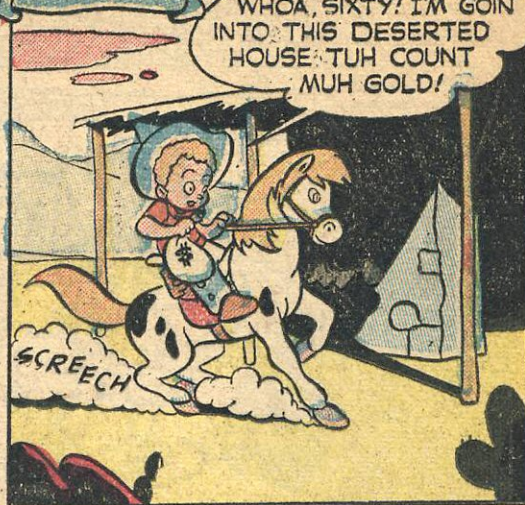




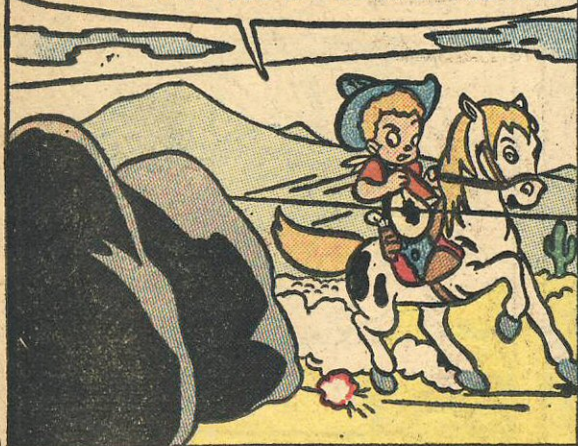
THE SHERIFF ORGANIZES A POSSE...



MEANWHILE

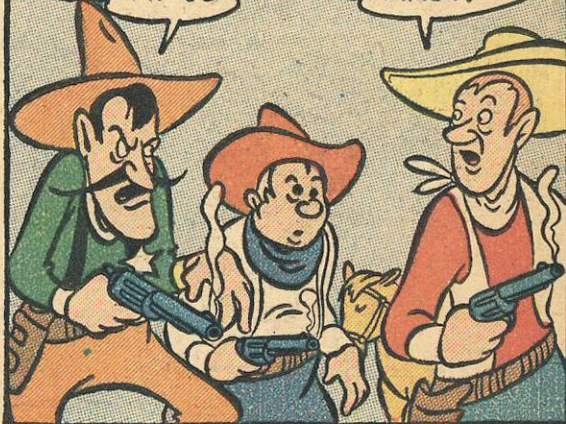


TH-TH-THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT ME! M-M-MAYBE I SHOULDNA ROBBED THE BANK AFTER ALL! I'LL GIT BEHIND THIS ROCK



HM...WONDER WHY THET VARMINT AIN'T SHOOTIN' BACK AT US!

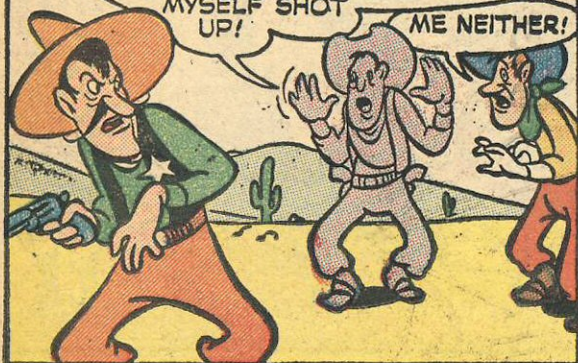
MAYBE HE'S WAITIN' FOR US TO GIT CLOSER FIRST!



C'MON. THEN... LET'S GIT CLOSER!

NO SIR! REMEMBER, SHERIFF, YOU'RE DEALIN' WITH THE MOST DANGEROUS OUTLAW IN THE WEST...MISTER MIDGET! I AINT AIMIN' TUH GIT MYSELF SHOT UP!

ME NEITHER!

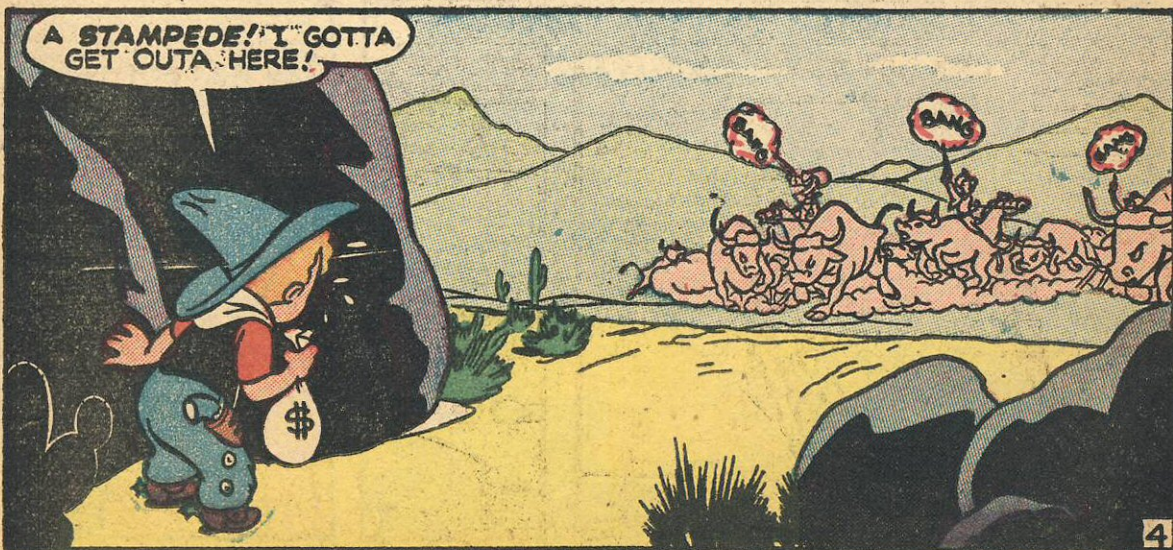


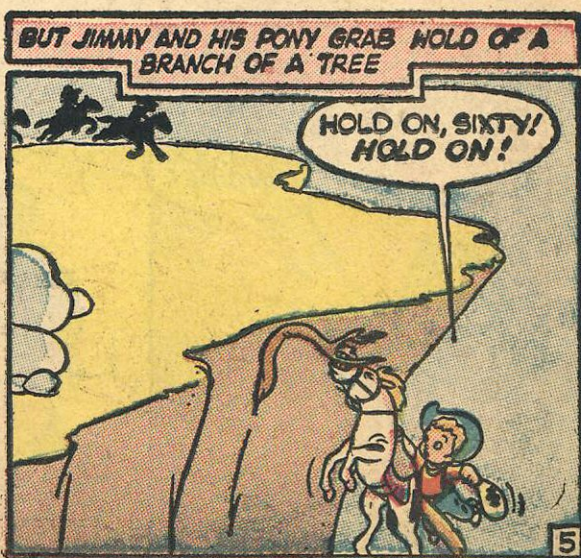
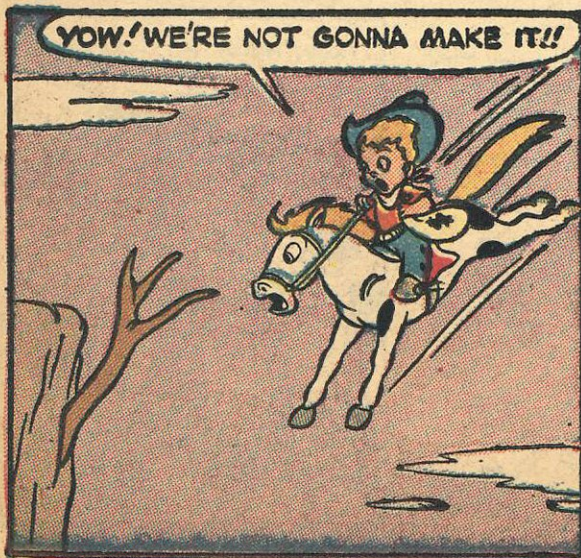
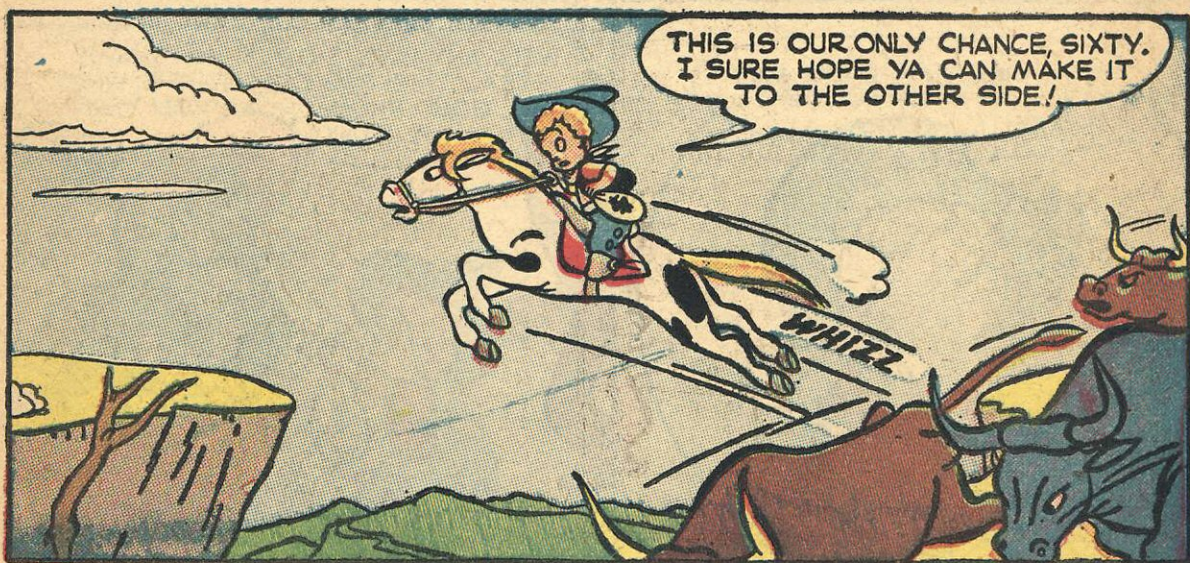
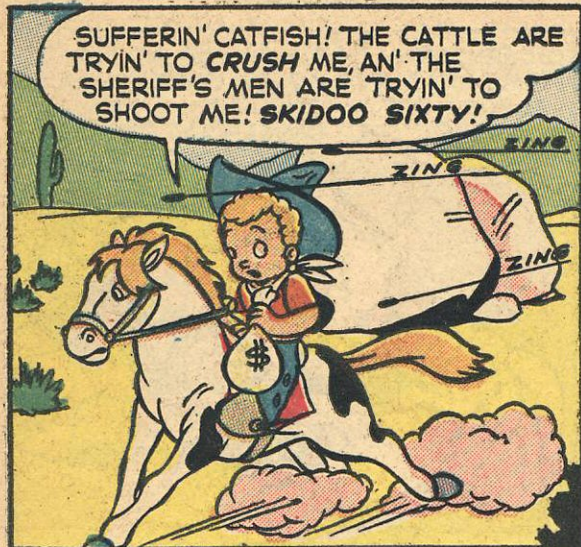
I GOT AN IDEA! LET'S STAMPEDE THEM CATTLE THIS WAY! THAT'LL GIT THE SKUNK OUTA THAR!

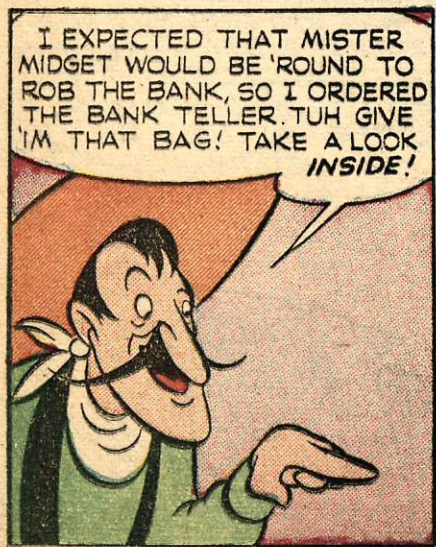
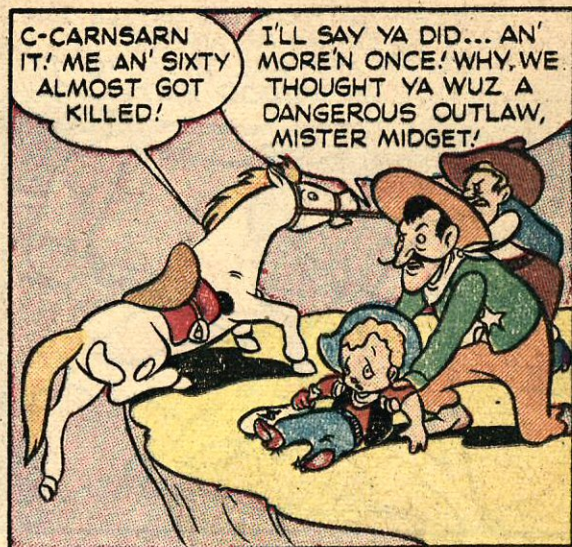
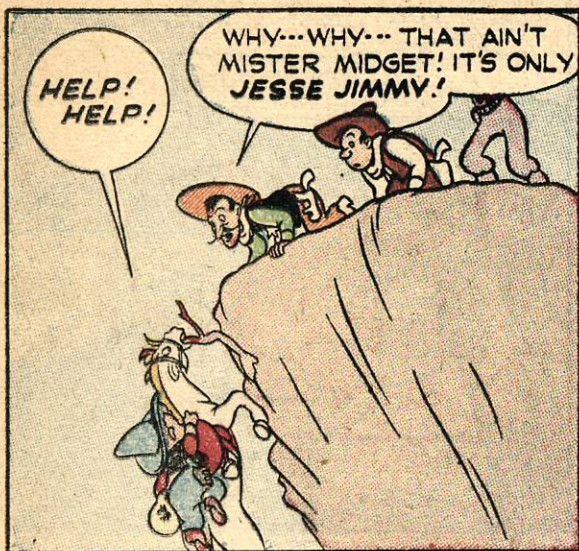
A GOOD IDEA! COME ON!



A STAMPEDE! I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!





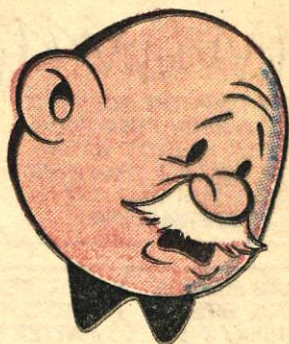
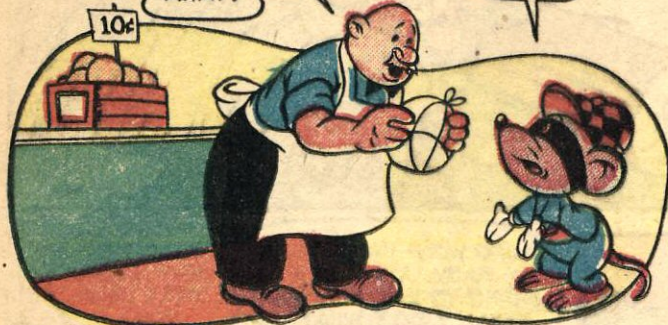


MUGGSY MOUSE

MUGGSY, DELIVER THIS PACKAGE TO MRS. JONES RIGHT AWAY!

BUT, BOSS - I'M AWFULLY TIRED!

SHE'S MAKING WELSH RAREBIT AND SHE NEEDS THE **CHEESE!**



DID YOU SAY **CHEESE?** THAT'S DIFFERENT! LET'S GO!

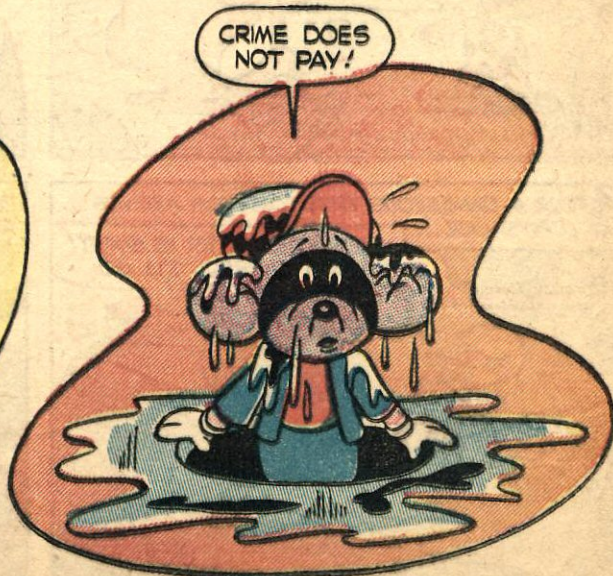
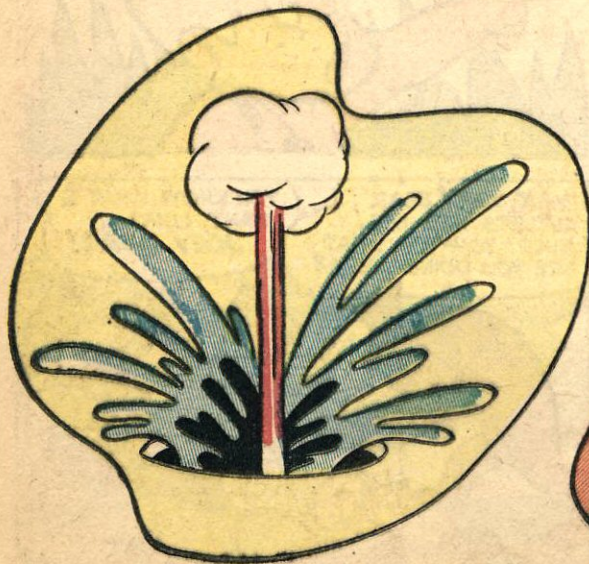


AH! THIS STUFF **HYPNOTIZES** ME! I CAN'T RESIST JUST ONE LITTLE BITE

HEY! WATCH OUT!



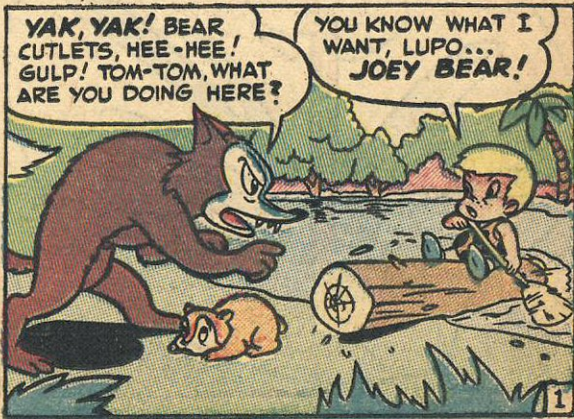
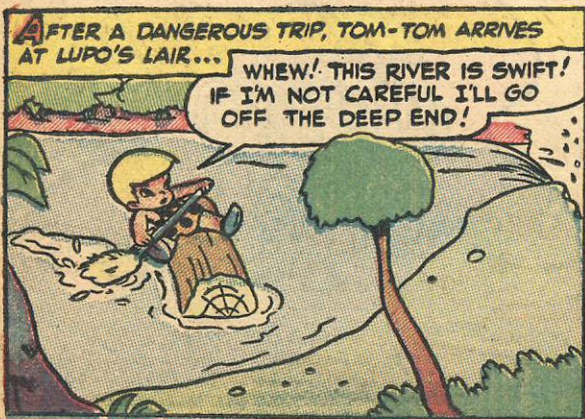
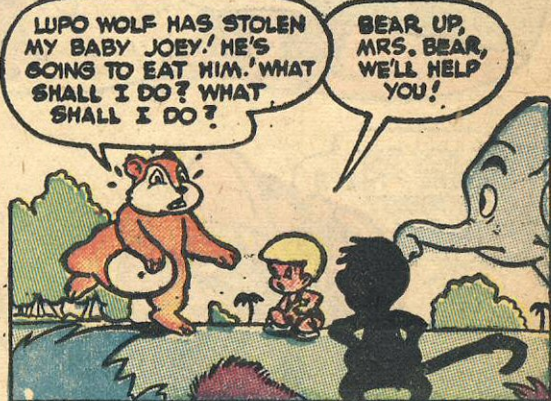
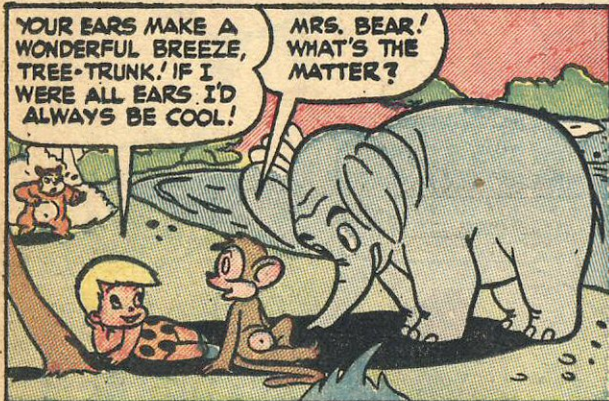
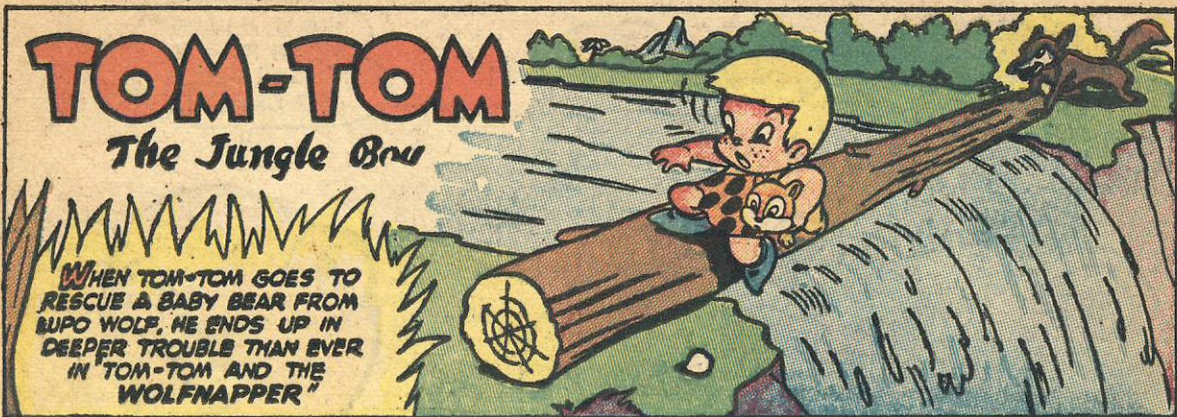
CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

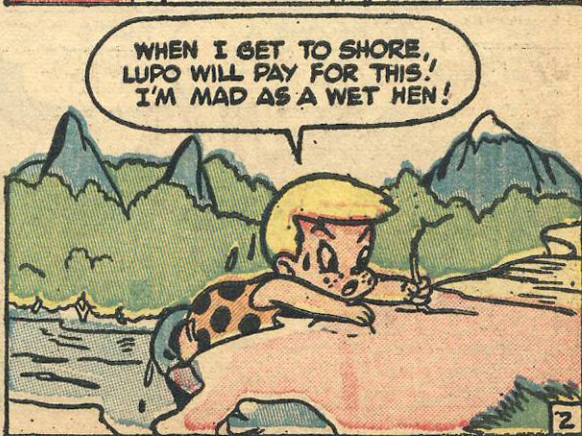
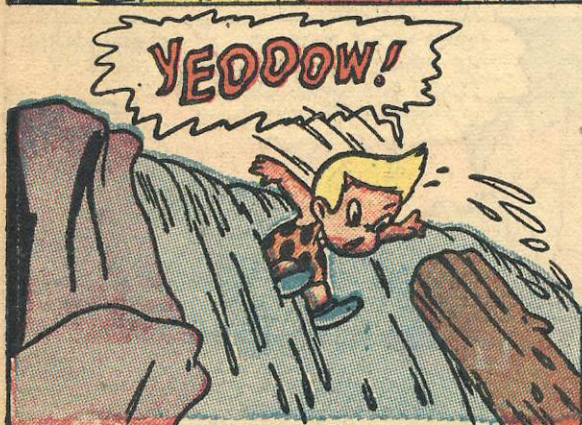
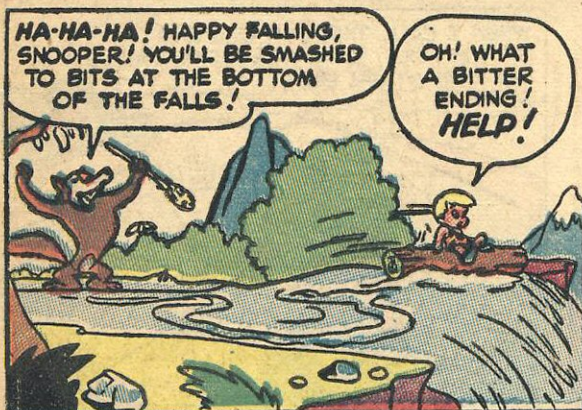


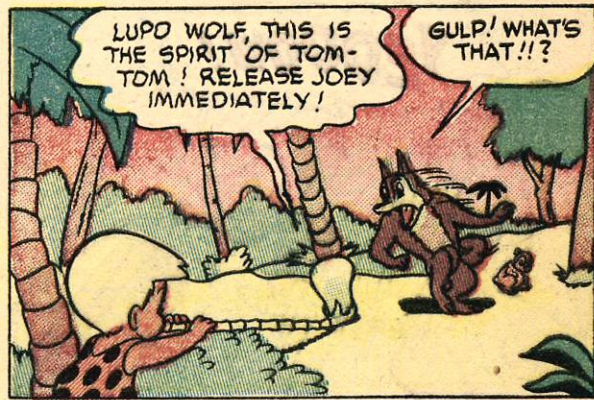
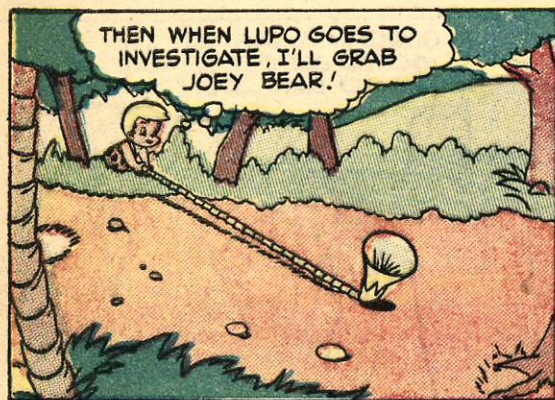
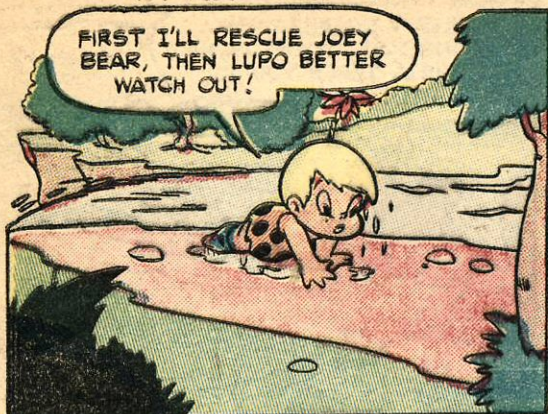
TOM-TOM

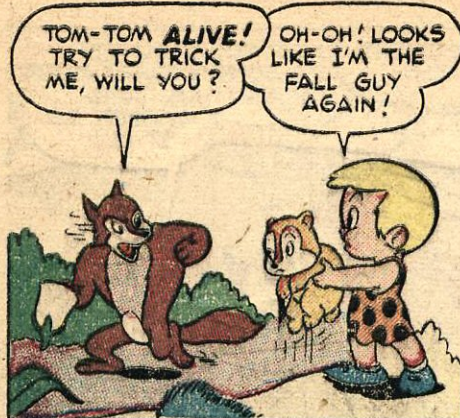
The Jungle Boy

WHEN TOM-TOM GOES TO RESCUE A BABY BEAR FROM LUPO WOLF, HE ENDS UP IN DEEPER TROUBLE THAN EVER IN "TOM-TOM AND THE WOLFNAPPER"









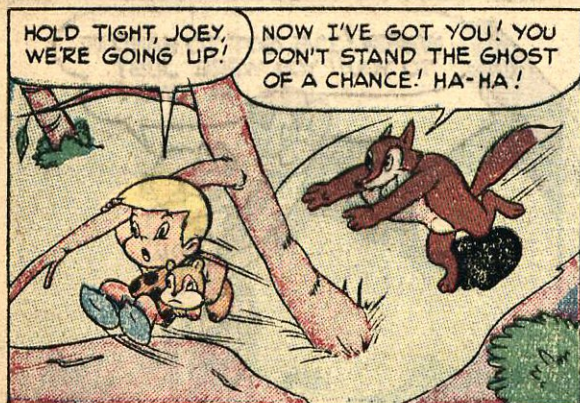
TOM-TOM **ALIVE!**
TRY TO TRICK
ME, WILL YOU?

OH-OH! LOOKS
LIKE I'M THE
FALL GUY
AGAIN!



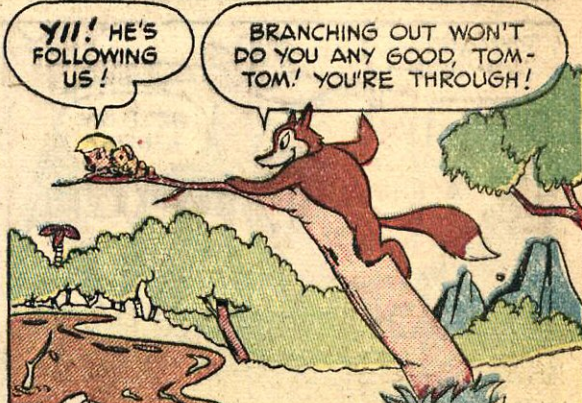
WE'LL HEAD FOR THAT
QUICKSAND, THEN CLIMB
OUT OVER IT ON ONE OF
THOSE BRANCHES! LUPO
WON'T DARE FOLLOW US!

I WANT MY
MAMA! :SOB:
:SOB:



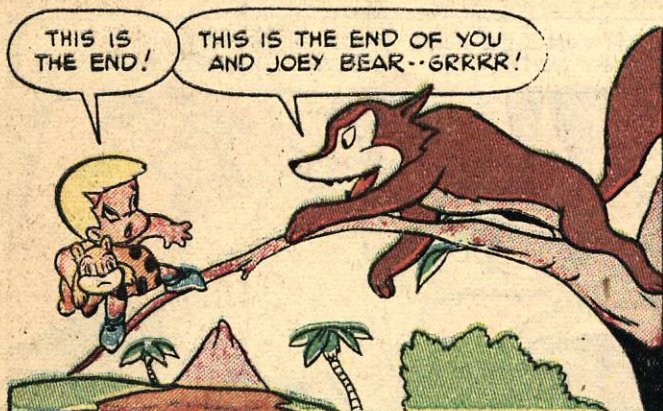
HOLD TIGHT, JOEY,
WE'RE GOING UP!

NOW I'VE GOT YOU! YOU
DON'T STAND THE GHOST
OF A CHANCE! HA-HA!



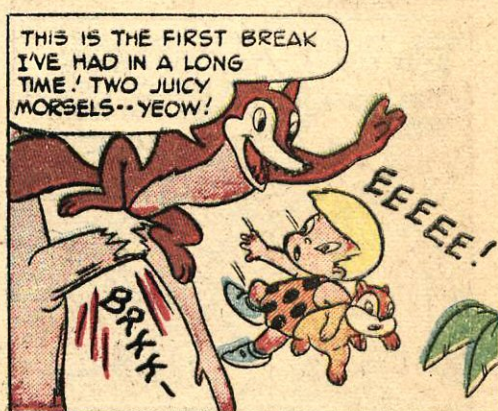
YII! HE'S
FOLLOWING
US!

BRANCHING OUT WON'T
DO YOU ANY GOOD, TOM-
TOM! YOU'RE THROUGH!



THIS IS
THE END!

THIS IS THE END OF YOU
AND JOEY BEAR--GRRRR!



THIS IS THE FIRST BREAK
I'VE HAD IN A LONG
TIME! TWO JUICY
MORSELS--YEOW!

EEEE!



NEARBY...

WE ARE ALMOST
AT LUPO'S HOME
NOW!... LISTEN?
WHAT'S THAT?

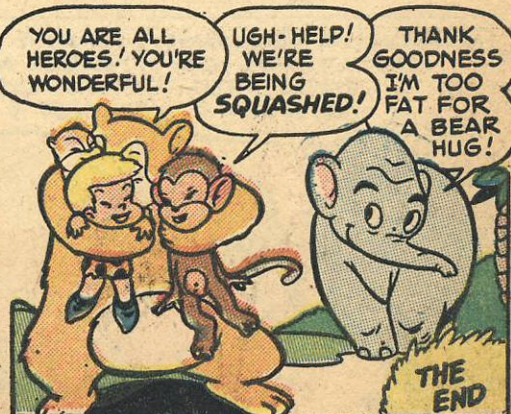
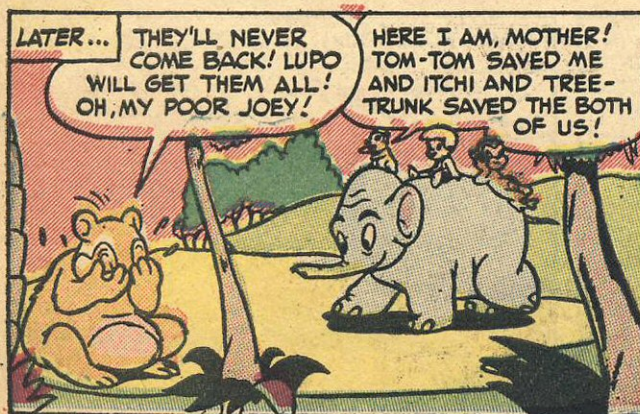
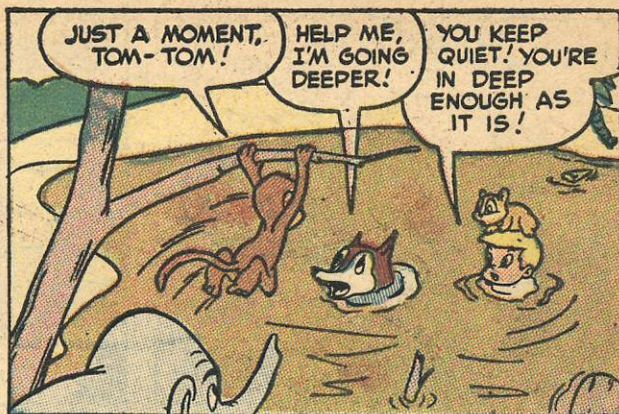
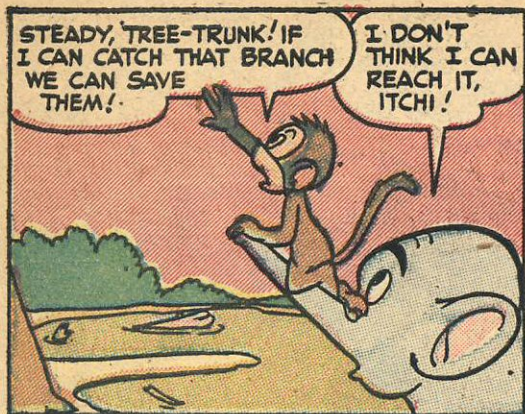
SOMEONE IS IN
TROUBLE AND IT
SOUNDS LIKE TOM-
TOM! LET'S GO!

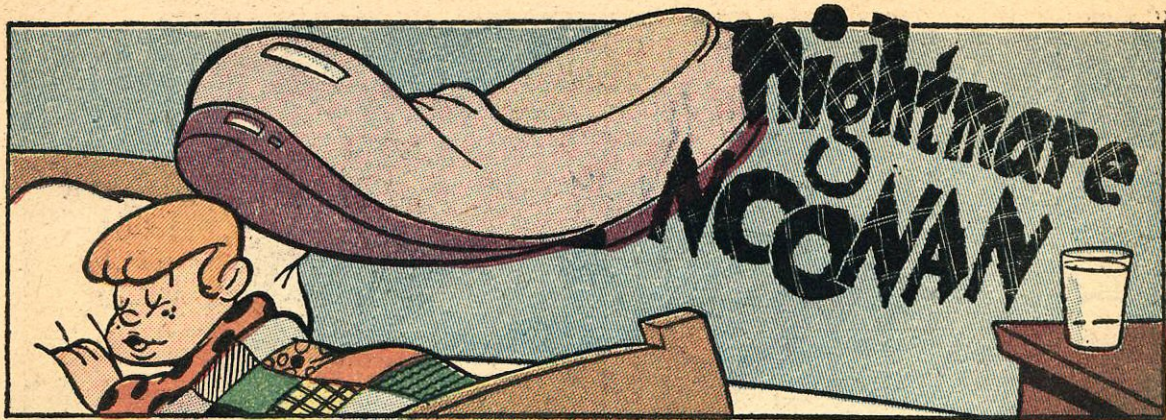
HELP!
HELP!



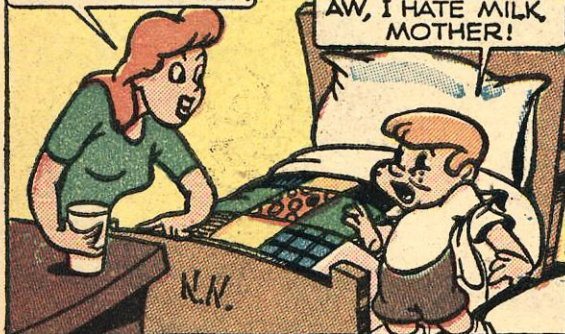
TREE-TRUNK! ITCHI!
SAVE US! WE'RE
SINKING!

WE'RE COMING, TOM-TOM!
HURRY, TREE-TRUNK, OR
THEY'RE SUNK!!





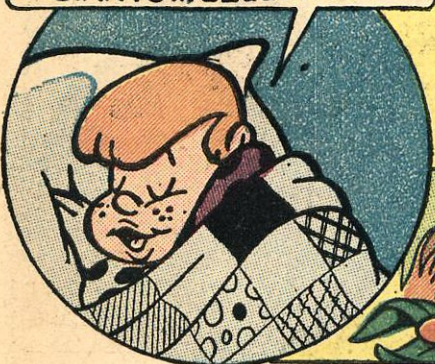
HERE, NIGHTMARE, DRINK THIS MILK BEFORE YOU GO TO SLEEP.



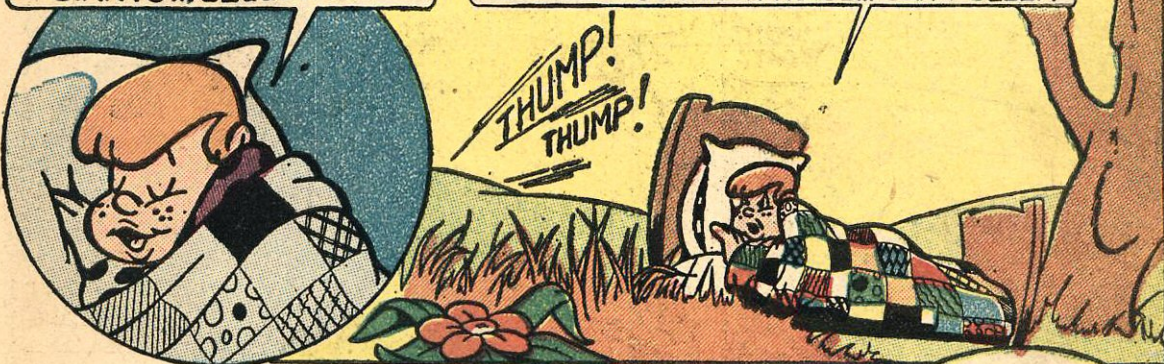
ALRIGHT, BUT YOUR FRIENDS WILL ALL GROW UP TALL AND YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A MIDGET BESIDE THEM!



MMMPPH... FRIENDS' WILL ALL BE... GIANTS... ZZZZZZZZZ.



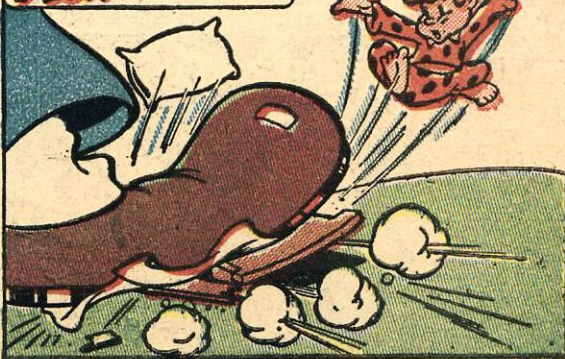
Z-Z-Z ... SO MUCH NOISE... CAN'T SLEEP.

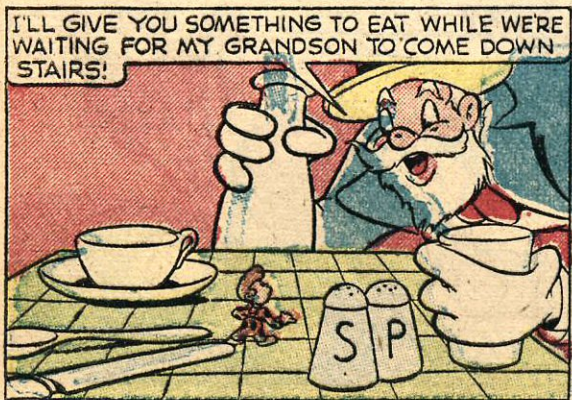
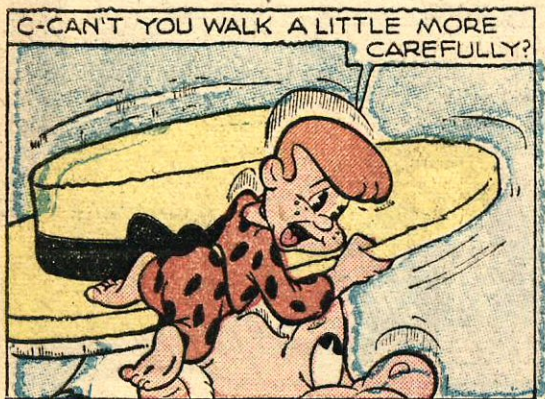
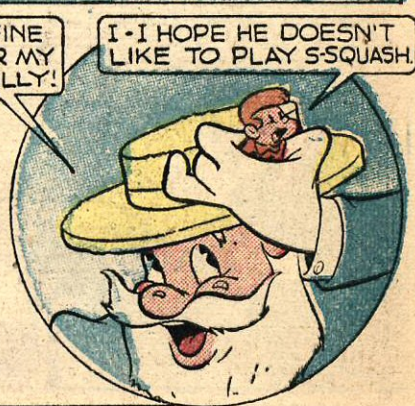
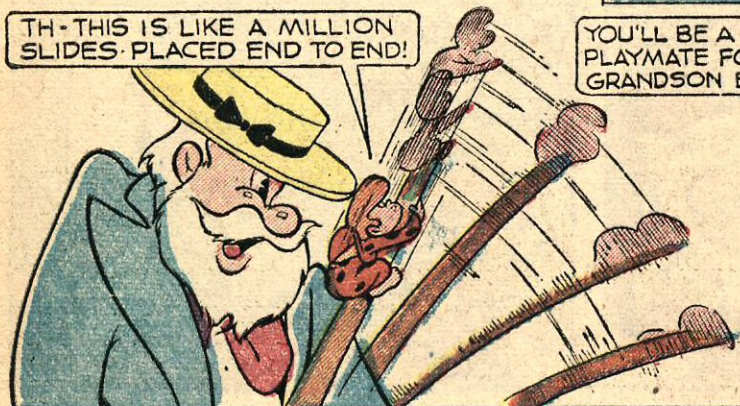
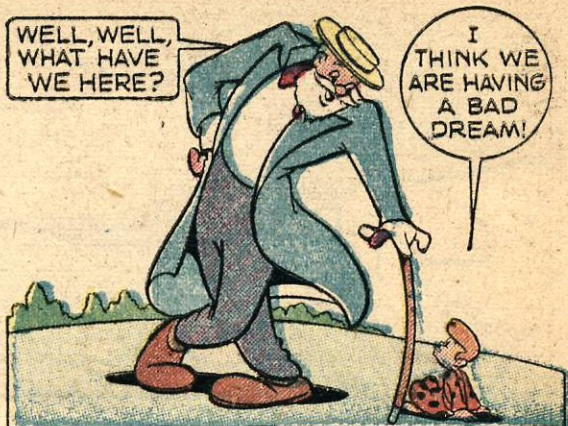
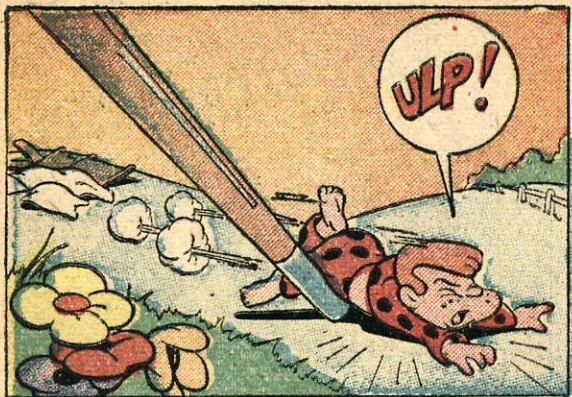


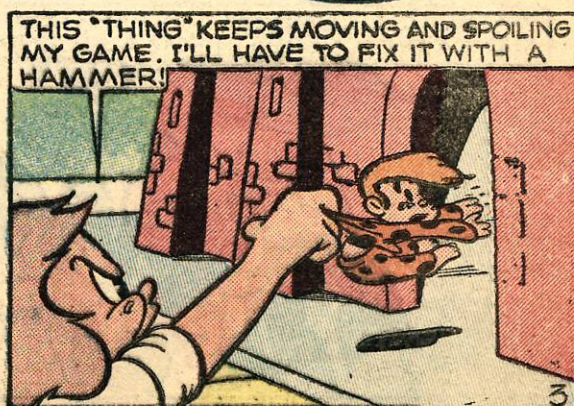
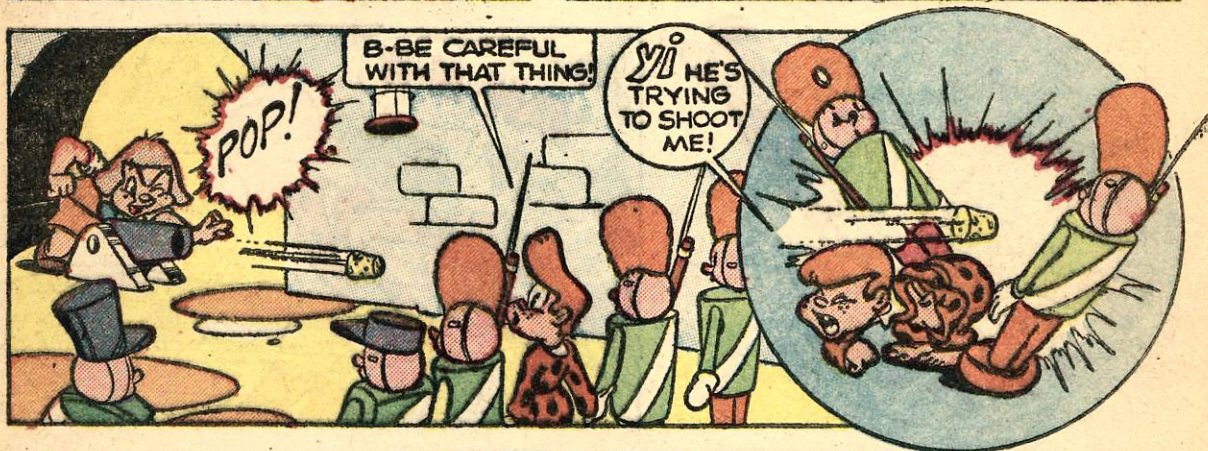
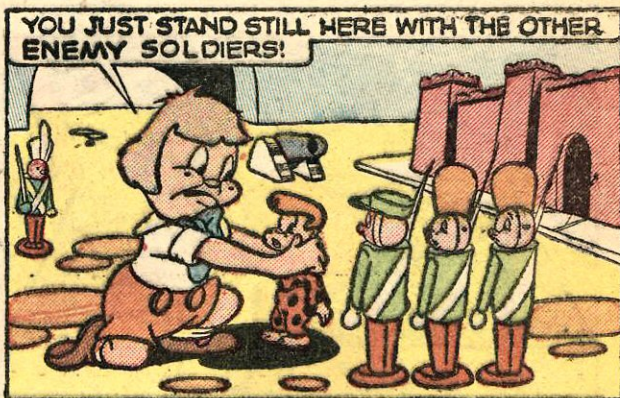
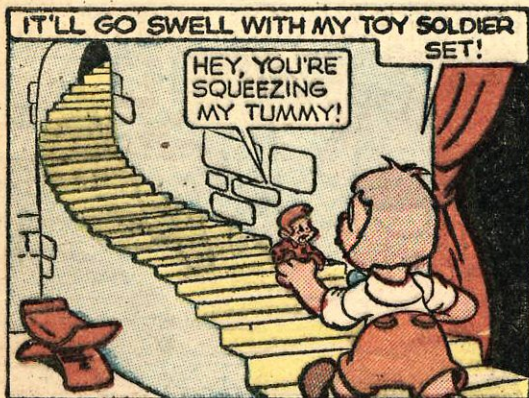
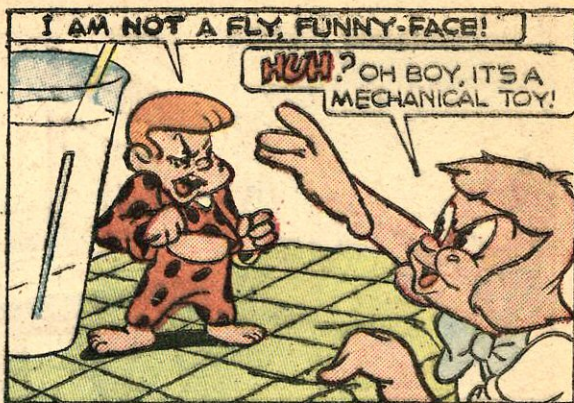
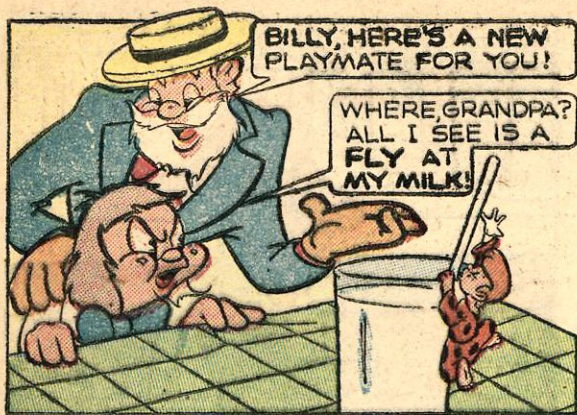
JIMINY, THOSE BUILDINGS ALMOST LOOK LIKE A PAIR OF MOVING SHOES!

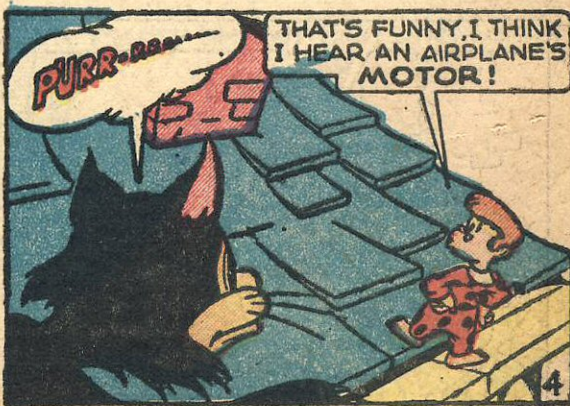
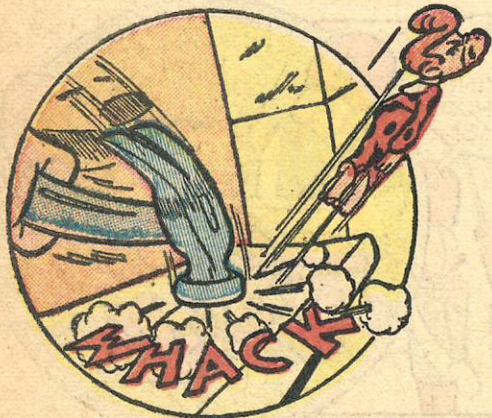
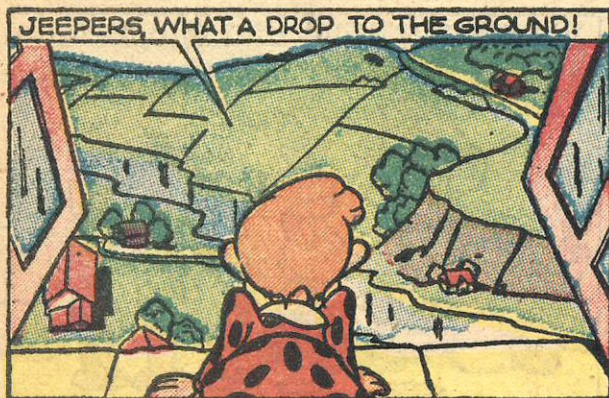
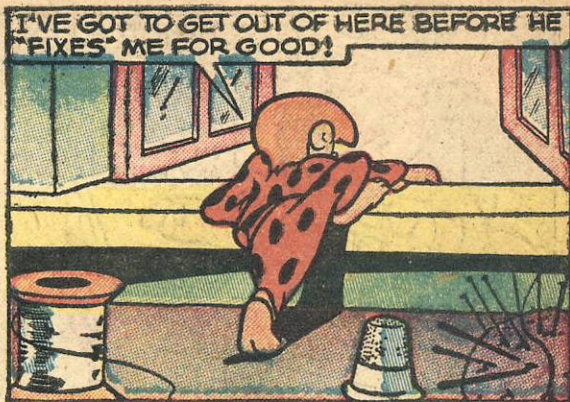
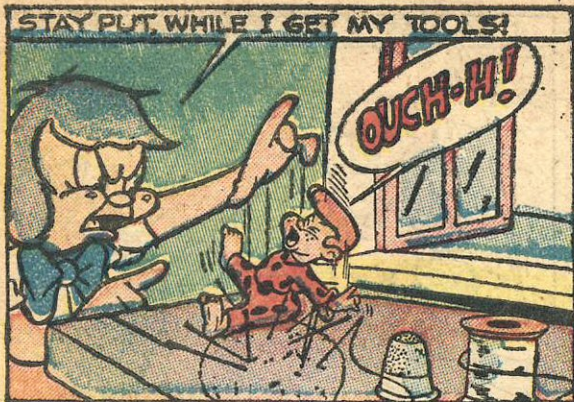


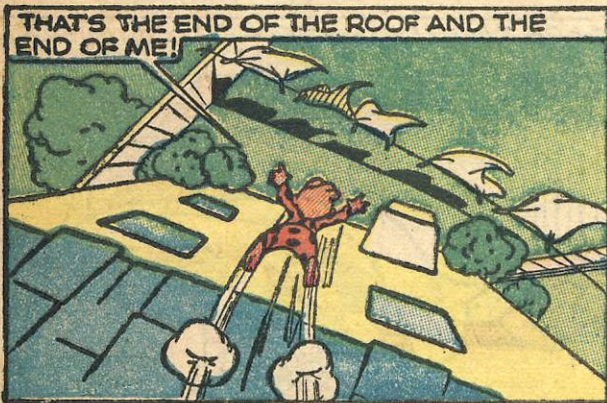
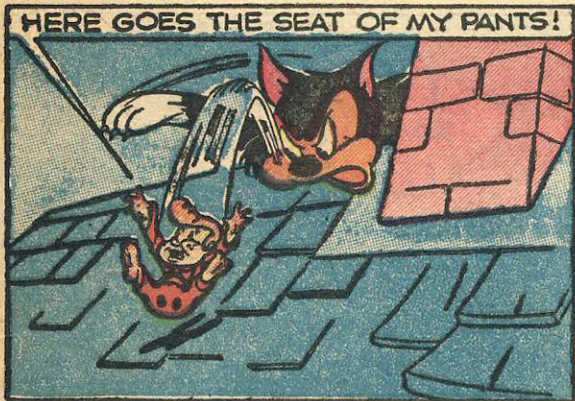
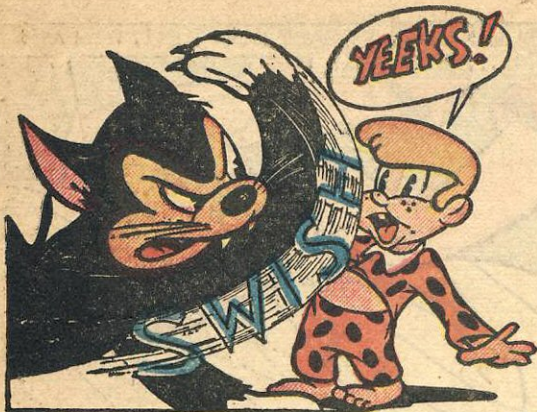
YEOW. M-MY BED!

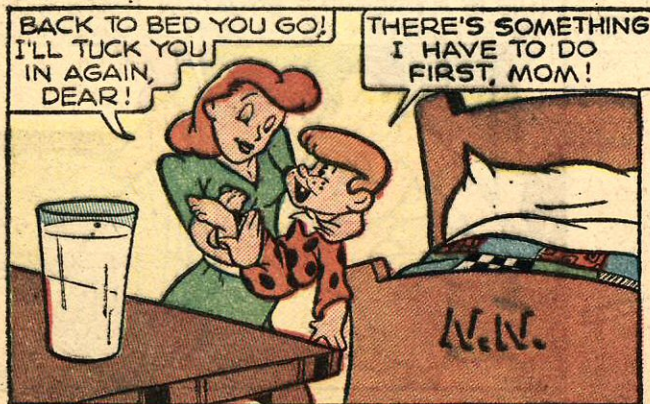
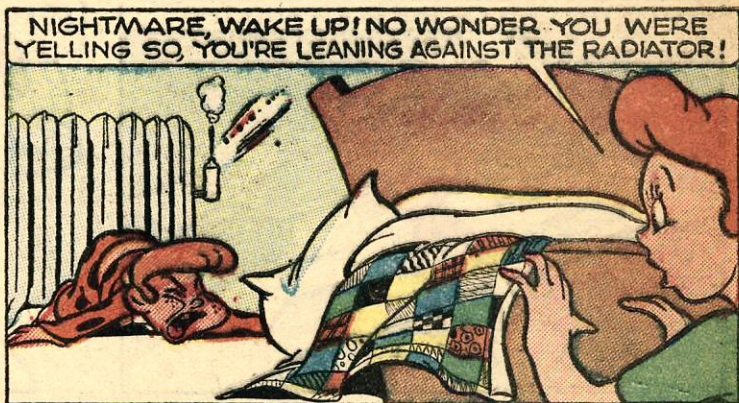
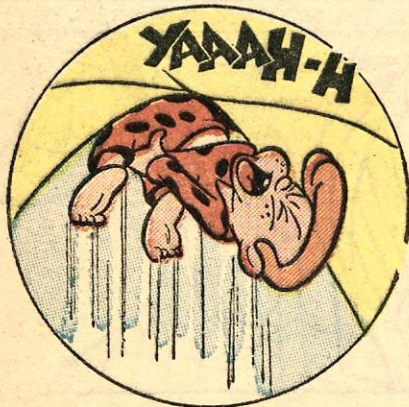
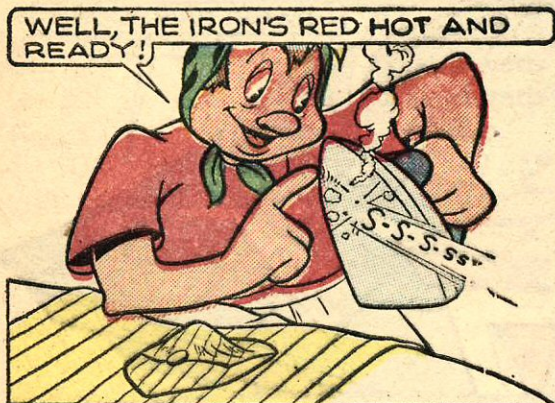
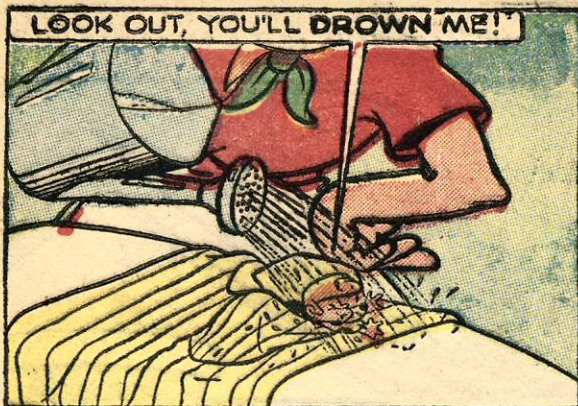














THE BLACK BAG

RAYMOND called to his two friends Koko and Kola: "Hurry up and come down from that high-chair! A strange man just walked out of this house with a black bag in his hands. He must be a burglar! You'll both have to help me catch him."

"He probably has all your father's money and valuables in that bag," Kola guessed as he jumped to the floor.

"Here I am too!" Koko landed with a chud beside his two friends.

Cautiously they followed the tall man outside the house. There in front of the door was a large old-fashioned black car. The man entered the car quietly and set the bag firmly on the seat beside him. Then he started the car and was about to get away.

Raymond and his friends acted quickly. They didn't want the car to get away without them. They also didn't want the man to know that they were following him. So they curled up in the center of the spare tire that was attached to the back of the car. The tall man didn't have a suspicion that he was being followed as he whisked his car through the city.

The car finally stopped in front of a very large apartment house. The tall man emerged from the car, holding tightly to the black bag. Raymond thought that he was either bringing the bag here to hide it, or that he was going to rob someone else and put the loot in the same bag. In either case they must follow him quickly.

Alas! They were too late. An elevator

with the man in it shot upwards just as they entered the hallway. How would they ever find him in that big house?

"He got off at the thirteenth floor!" shouted Kola excitedly. "See? The clock on top of the elevator entrance stopped at thirteen!"

They hurried up after him, but on the thirteenth floor, they encountered more trouble. There were four doors on the floor. Which one did the man enter?

It was late at night; everyone would be asleep. They knew, therefore, that noise would come only from the apartment the man entered. They listened carefully at each door.

"This is it," whispered Raymond. "I hear footsteps and people talking. He's probably showing them all the things in the bag that he took from my father."

"Maybe he's taking things from them," worried Kola. "I'll climb up on the transom and see what's going on. When I give the signal, you follow me. Maybe we'll be able to save the people in this apartment, even if we don't get the bag."

Kola had no sooner reached the top of the door and the transom than the lights went out and the entire apartment was left in darkness. He couldn't see a thing. Added to that, the door opened too. Luckily for Raymond and Koko, watching from below, they saw the door opening and had a chance to hide before the tall man emerged still carrying the black bag. Off he went to the elevator and shot downstairs before they were quite sure what was happening.

"He got away!" wailed Raymond. "Let's try to catch up with him!"

"Wait a minute there! Are you going off without me?" Raymond and Koko had almost forgotten their friend, Kola, seated atop the transom.

"Jump down and I'll catch you," called Koko. "We can't let that man get away! Hurry up!"

Down the stairs they rushed and into the street—just in time to see the big black car pull away.

"06002—06002," said Raymond.

"Here we are," scolded Koko, "with no way to catch that man—we really lost him this time—and you're just playing a number game!"

"That isn't a game, Koko and Kola. That's the man's license number. I memorized it just as the car was pulling away."

"But where are we going to look for that number?" queried the two bears. "Shall we just walk around the streets until we find it?"

"No," said Raymond, "I have a better idea. We'll go down to the garage where everyone parks their cars. Maybe the man left his there, too."

There were rows and rows of cars in the garage, all with license plates, but none with 06002. They examined first one line of cars then another and were just about to give up when Koko called, "Did you say 06002?"

"That's right!" answered Raymond as he rushed over with Kola following at his heels. It was the car all right. The big, black old-fashioned car belonging to the tall man. The black bag wasn't inside the car, however. The man had probably taken it with him.

"There's only one thing to do," suggested Kola, "we'll hide right here in back of the car. Then when the man comes back we'll go right along with him."

They didn't have to wait very long. The tall man came back, muttering under his breath, the bag clutched in his hand.

"Maybe he couldn't find a place to hide

it," whispered Raymond, "and he's going out now to look for another spot."

The car shot off, out of the garage and down the street at a terrific speed. Soon they were outside the city limits and going down a lonely wooded road. The three passengers hiding in back of the car were very frightened now. Maybe the man had seen them and decided to hide them too, along with the bag.

Their fears came to an end when the car stopped in front of a rambling wooden house, all lighted up from roof to cellar. The tall man stepped out of the car and into the house still clutching the black bag but not so much as glancing into the rear of the car. They breathed a sigh of relief. He didn't know that they were following him.

"Maybe his gang is in here." It was Raymond's frightened voice. "He came here to share his loot with them."

Over to the window rushed the three sleuths and stared inside. The tall man walked into the room, placed the black bag on the center of the table and then walked into another room. This was the chance they had been waiting for; at last they could get at the bag. Into the room they rushed and grabbed it. Much to their surprise, there was no money in the bag at all. It was filled with a lot of shiny instruments.

"Burglar's tools!" whispered Koko.

"Let me see," begged Kola.

Just then they heard footsteps approaching and rushed to hide under the table. The tall man was approaching and calling over his shoulder, "Got to have my tools, can't listen to that heartbeat without them!"

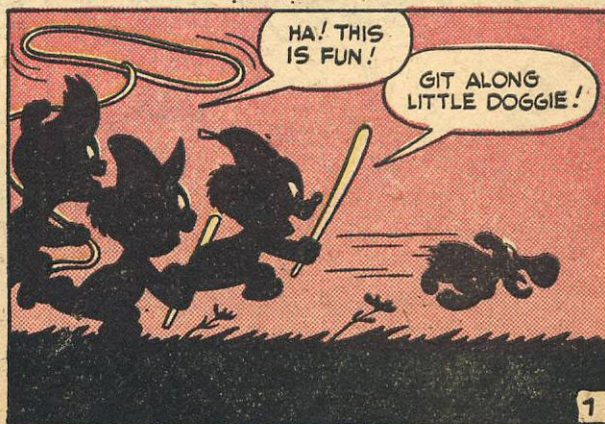
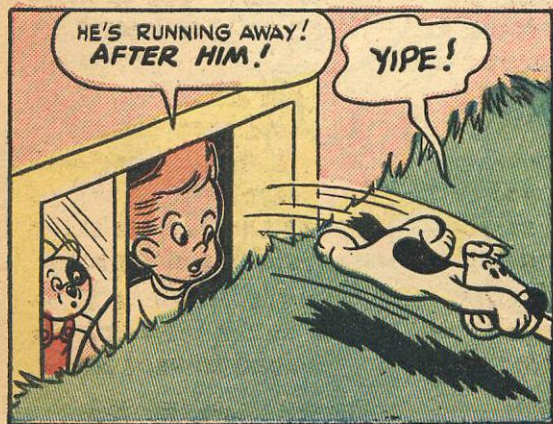
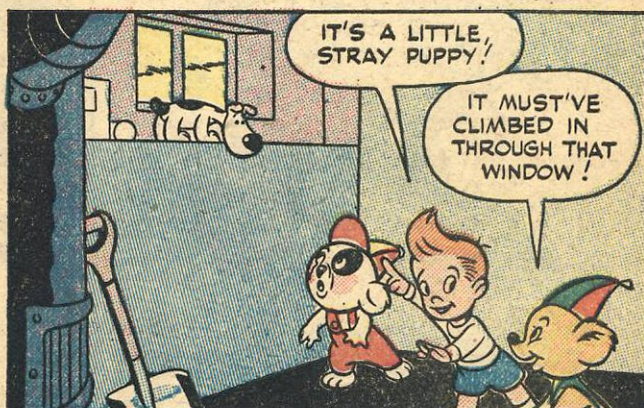
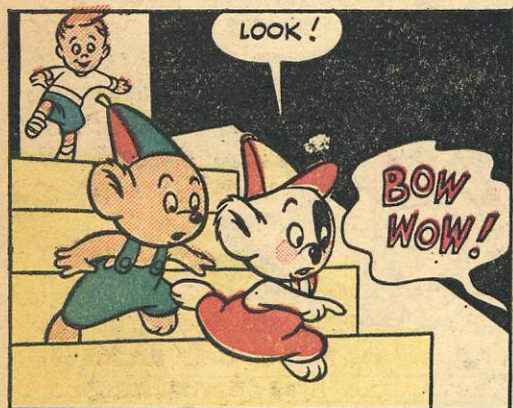
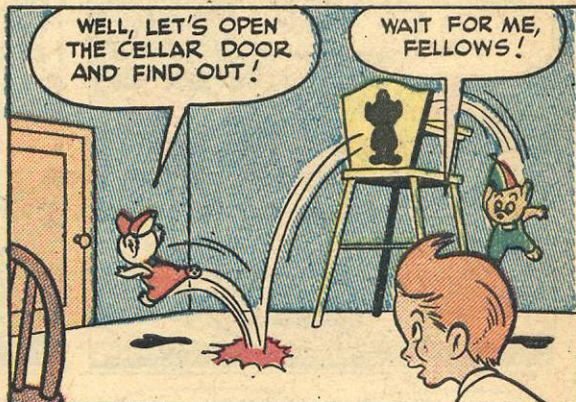
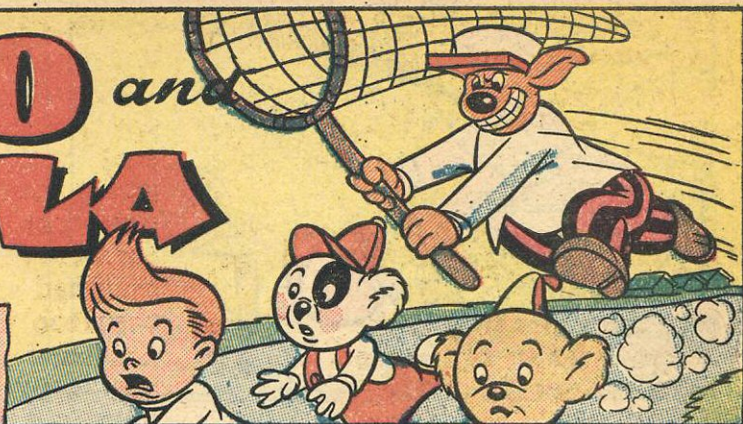
Imagine the chagrin of Koko, Kola and Raymond. They had been following a doctor on his calls! The black bag was his medicine kit. He wasn't hiding things and stealing things at the various stops he made; he was just visiting sick people.

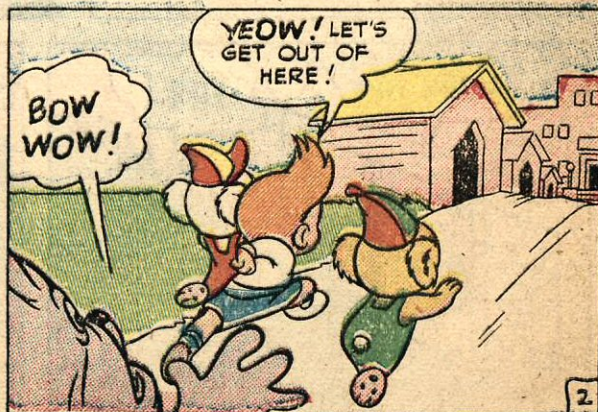
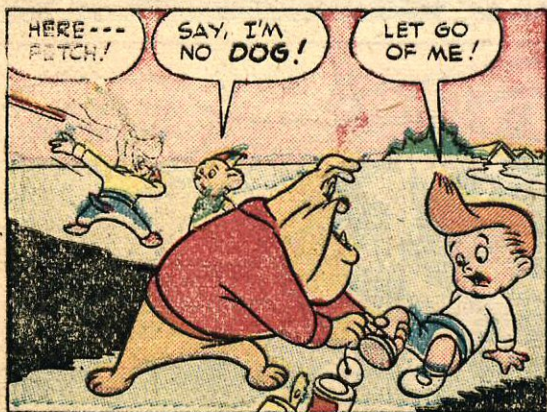
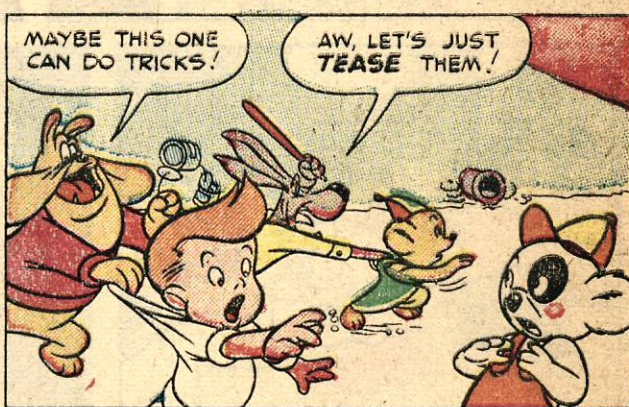
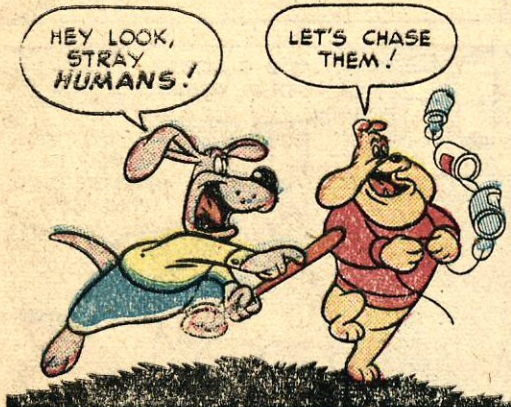
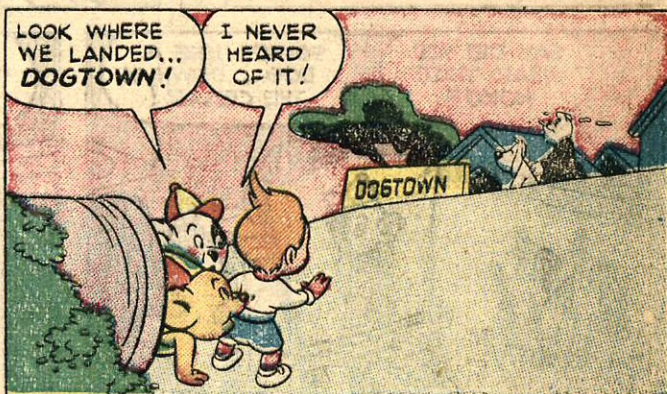
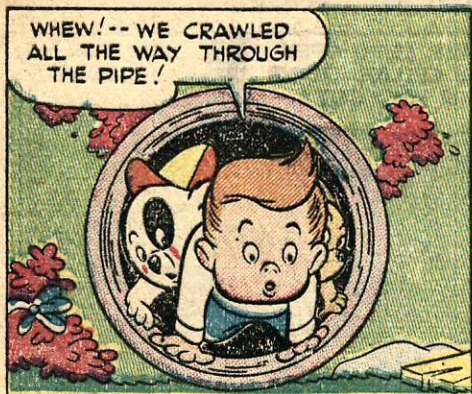
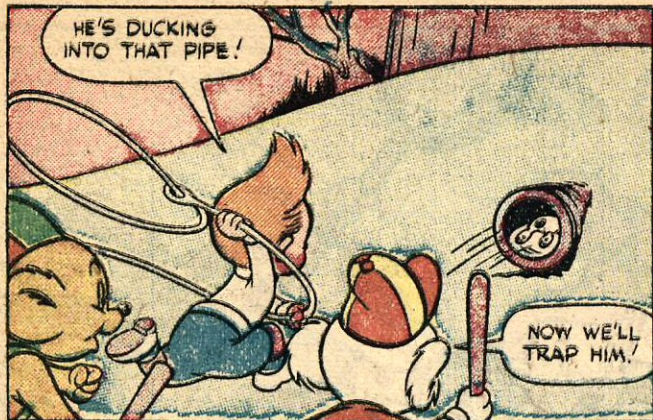
"I guess they weren't burglar's tools after all," said Koko, as the three friends started off down the road toward home.

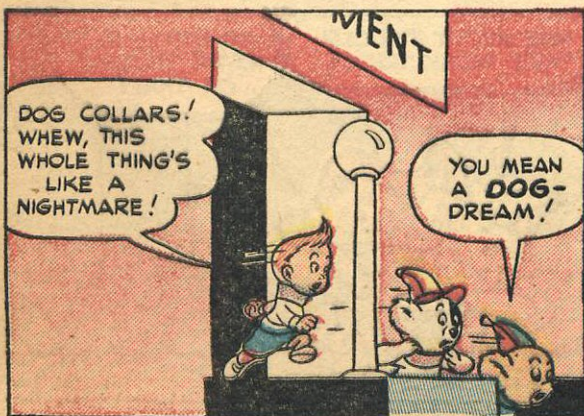
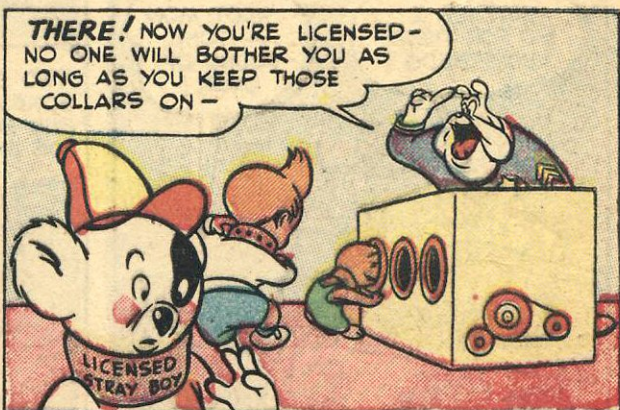
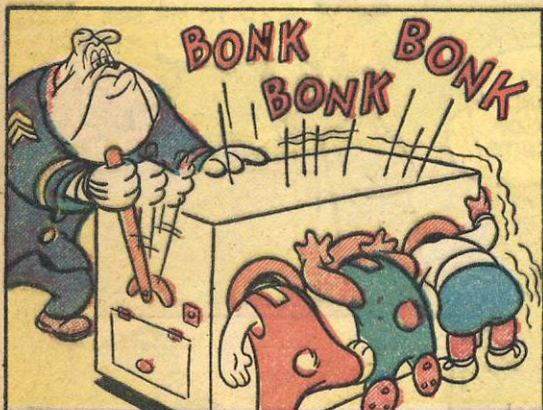
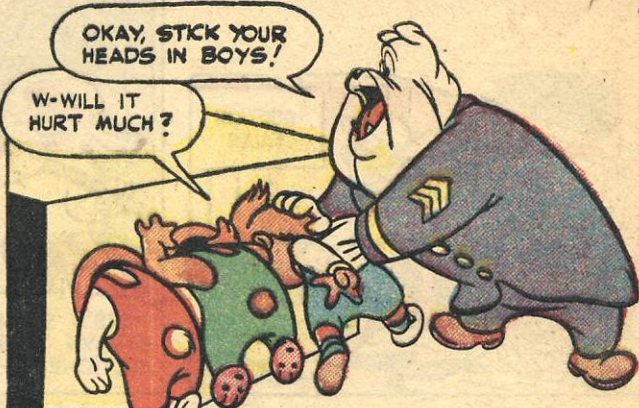
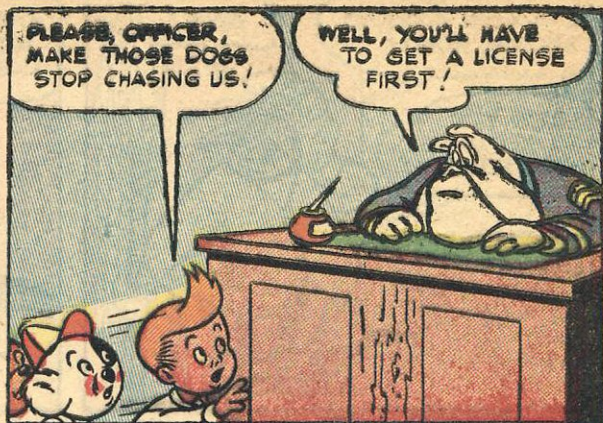
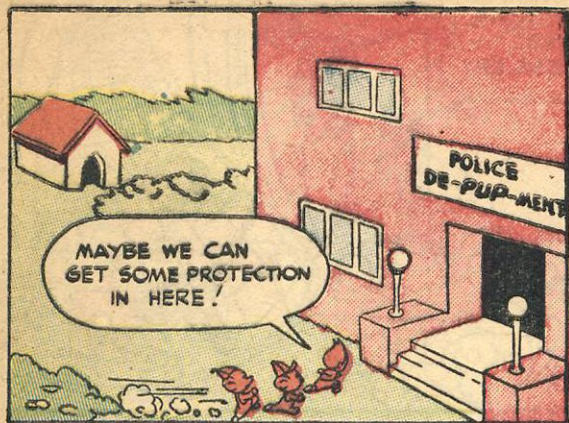
THE END

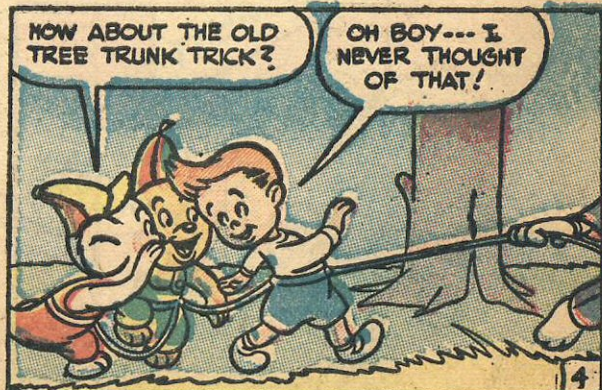
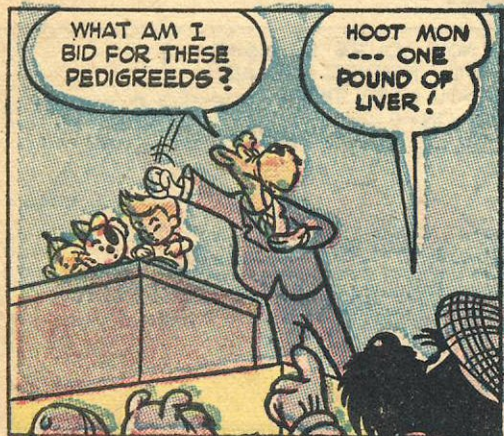
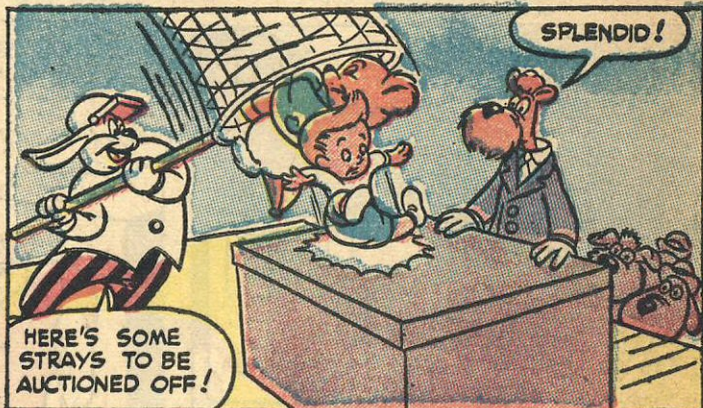
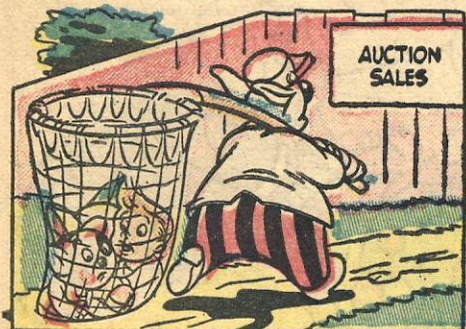
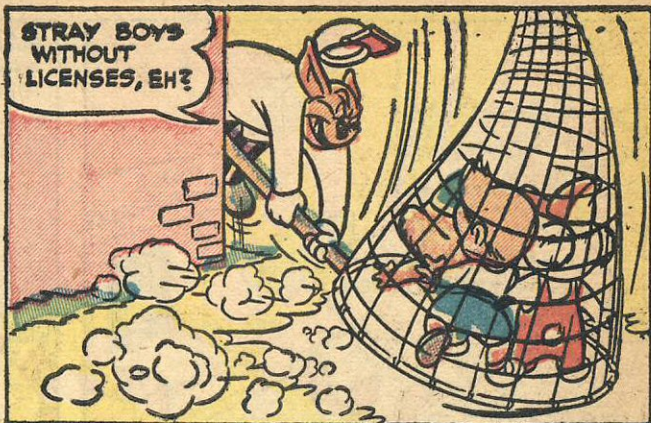
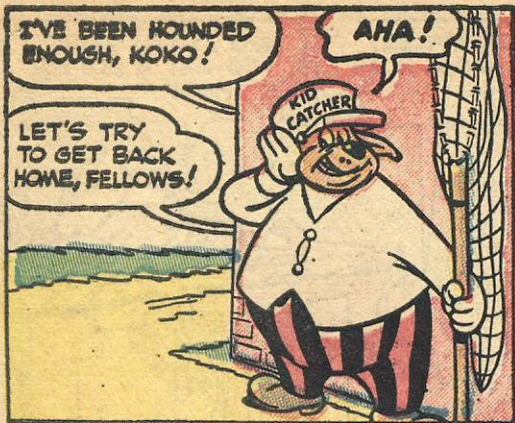
KOKO and KOLA

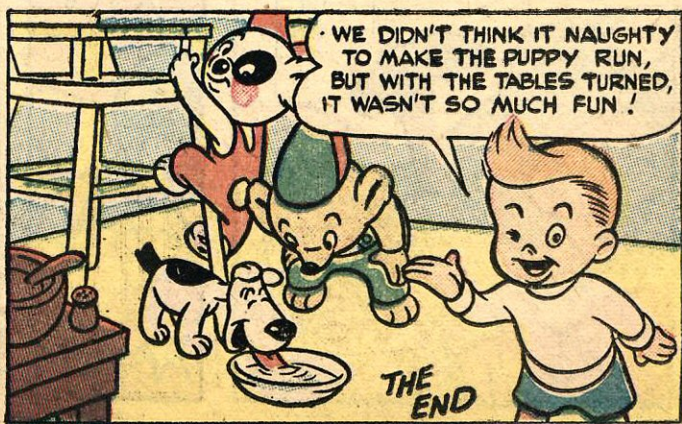
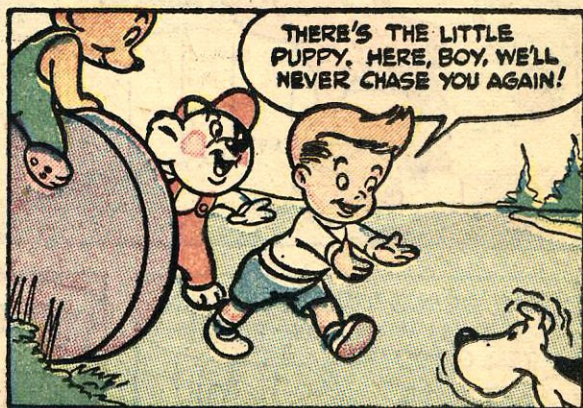
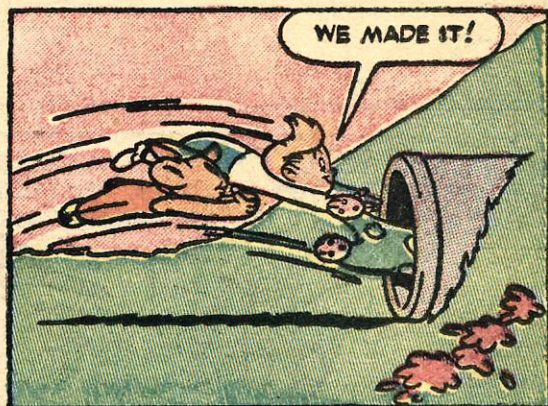
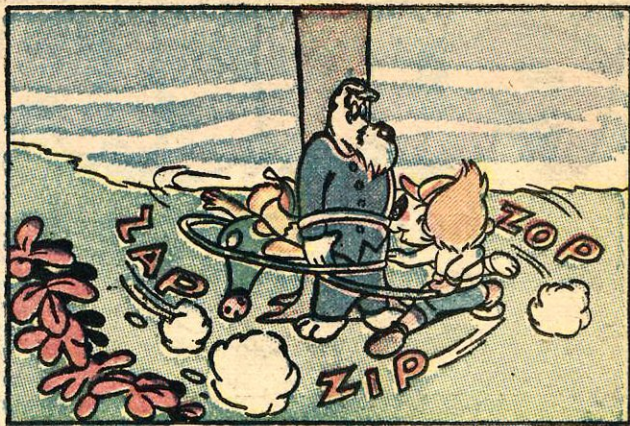
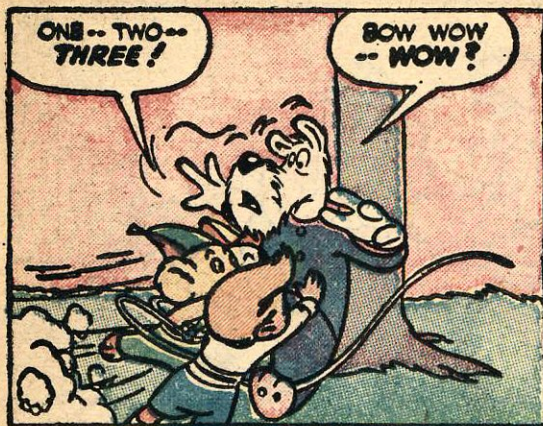
KOKO, KOLA AND RAYMOND GET HOUNDED AND SURROUNDED WHEN THEY PAY A VISIT TO DOGTOWN, CAPITAL CITY OF CANINE COUNTY.





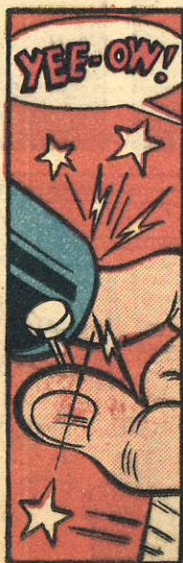
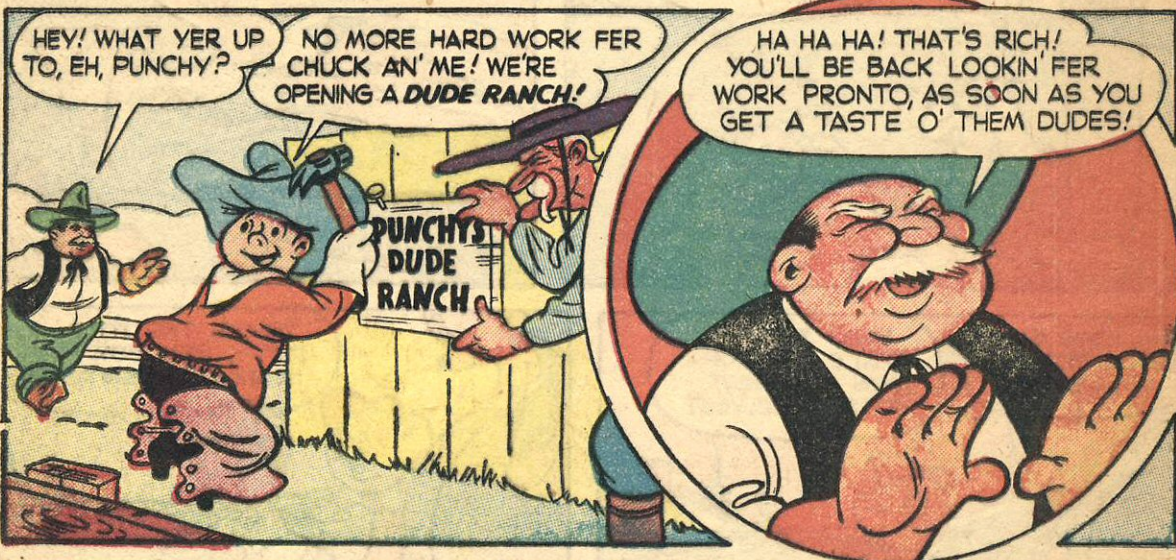
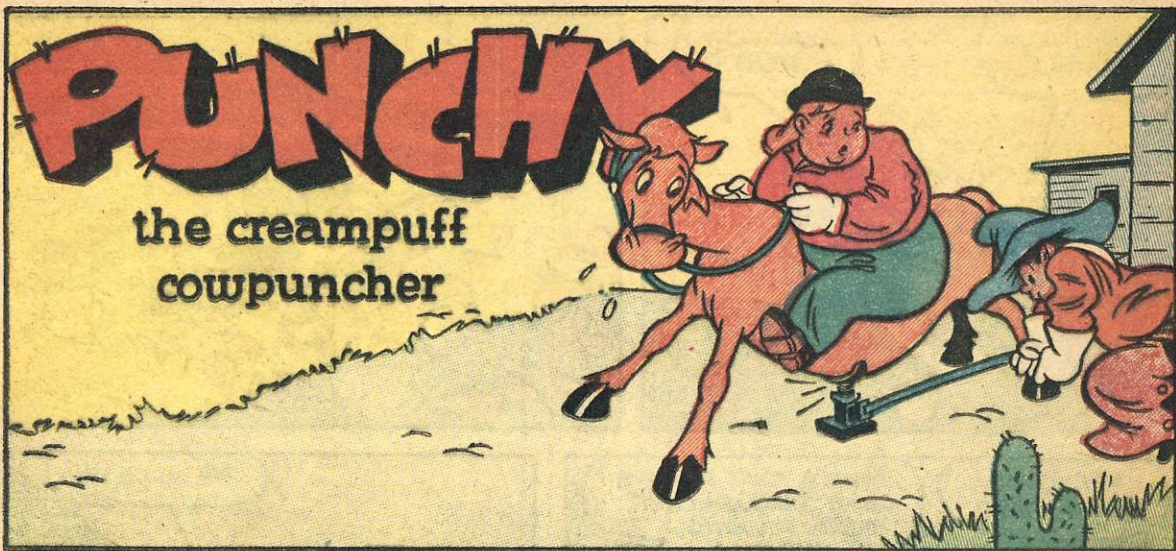






PUNCHY

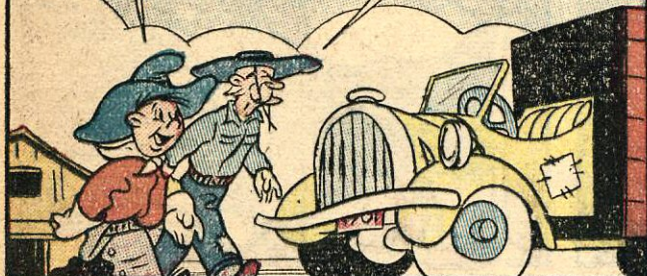
the creampuff
cowpuncher



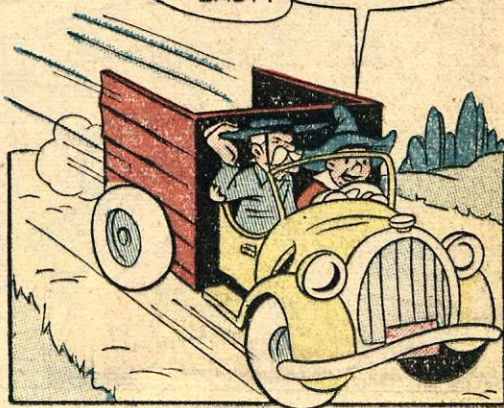
A FEW MINUTES LATER...

WE'RE OPEN FER BUSINESS
SO LET'S GO OVER TO THE
STATION AN' PICK UP THAT
BAGGAGE!

THIS WHOLE
SHE-BANG IS
PLUMB FOOLISH,
BUT LET'S GO!



IT WON'T BE SO
FOOLISH WHEN WE SIT
BACK AND TAKE THINGS
EASY!

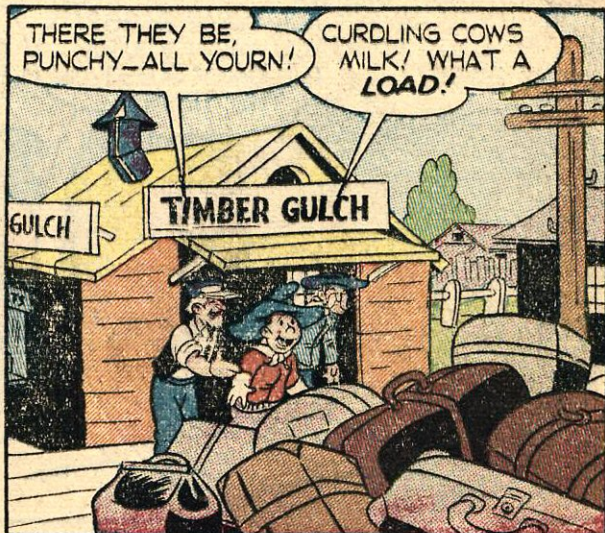


TH' FELLER CALLED AN'
SAID WE HAD A BIG LOAD
OF BAGGAGE HERE!



THERE THEY BE,
PUNCHY...ALL YOURN!

CURDLING COWS
MILK! WHAT A
LOAD!



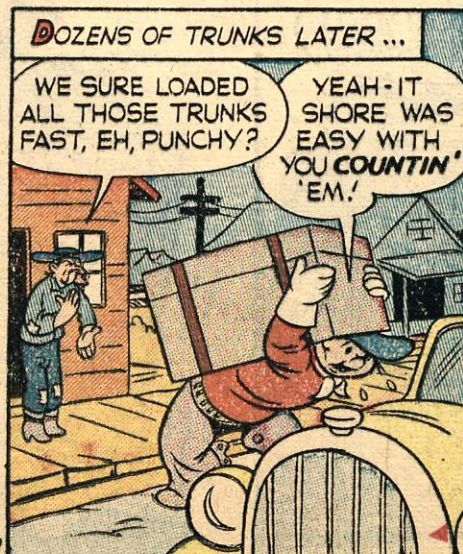
OH, BOY! THIS LOAD
MEANS OUR RANCH WILL
BE FULL OF PAYIN'
DUDES!



DOZENS OF TRUNKS LATER ...

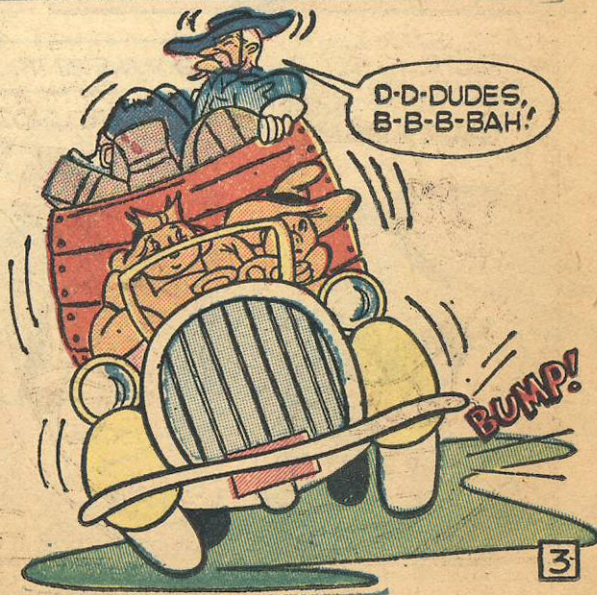
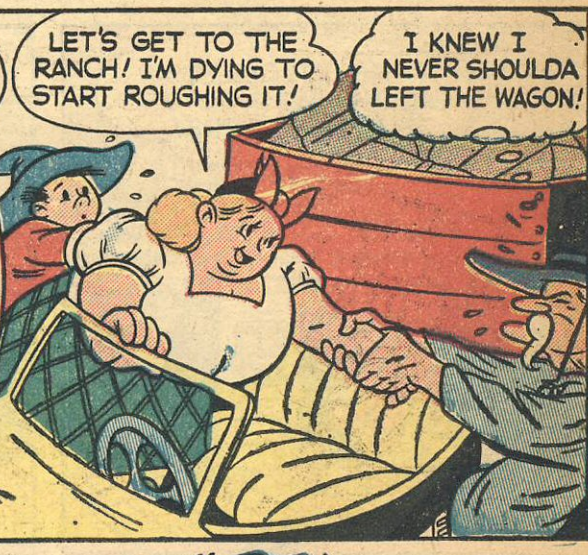
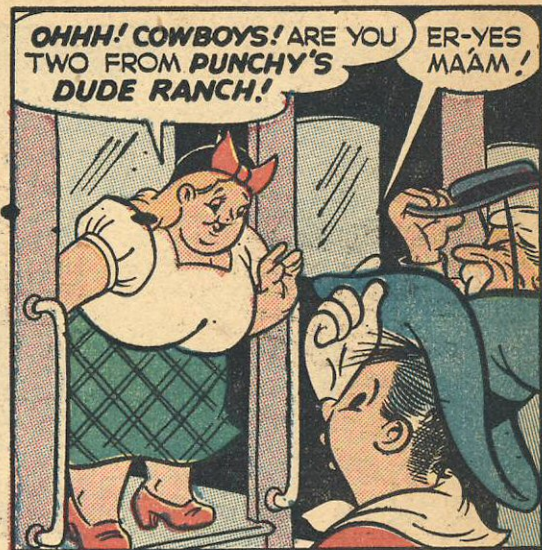
WE SURE LOADED
ALL THOSE TRUNKS
FAST, EH, PUNCHY?

YEAH-IT
SHORE WAS
EASY WITH
YOU **COUNTIN'**
'EM.

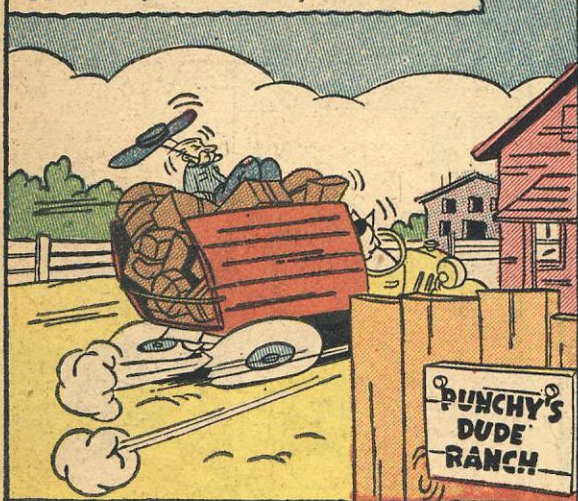


HERE COMES TH'
TRAIN AN' ALL OUR
GUESTS ON IT!



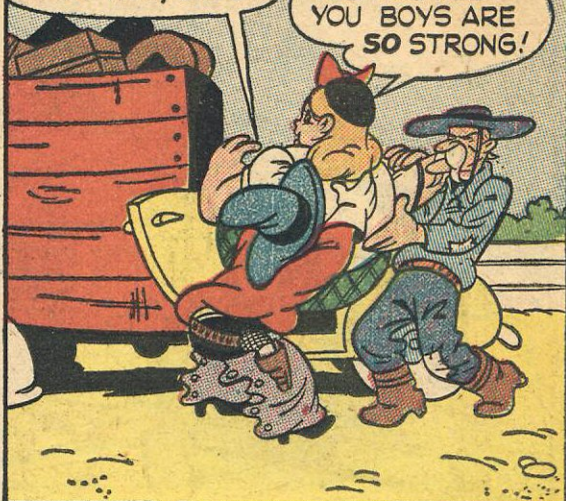


A SHORT, BUT ROUGH, TIME LATER



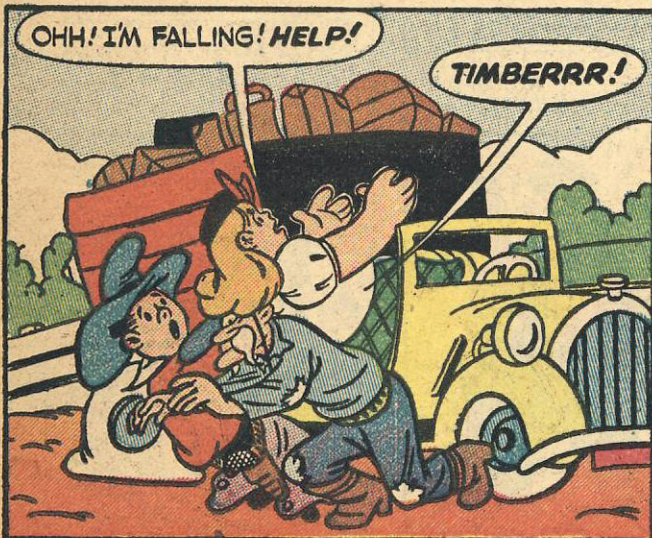
EASY NOW, CHUCK!

**TEE HEE HEE -
YOU BOYS ARE
SO STRONG!**



OHH! I'M FALLING! HELP!

TIMBERRR!



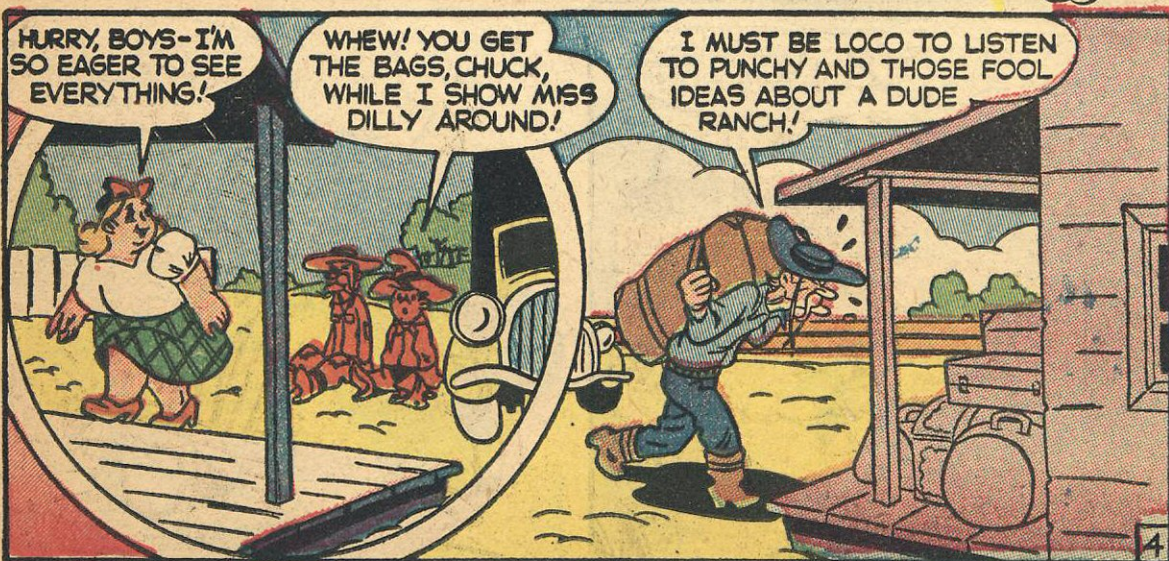
**I'M NOT HURT, BOYS!
TEE HEE!**

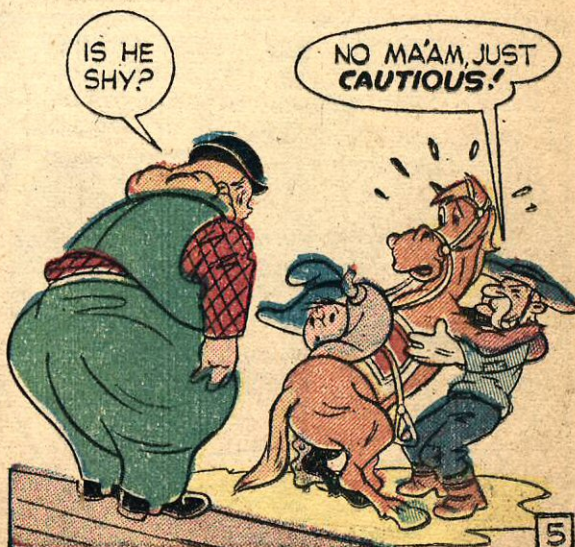
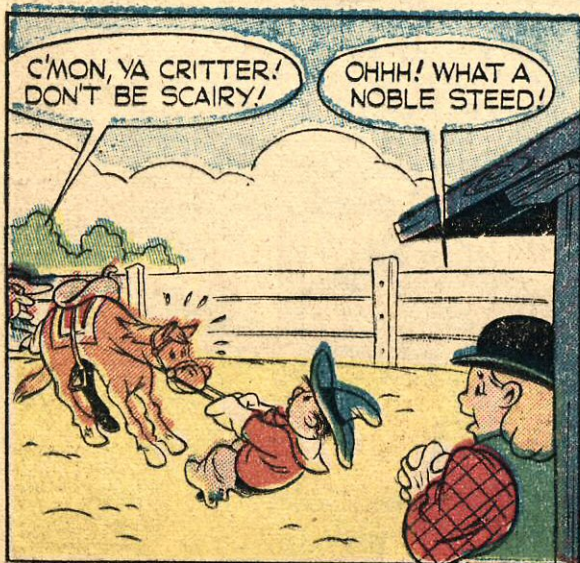
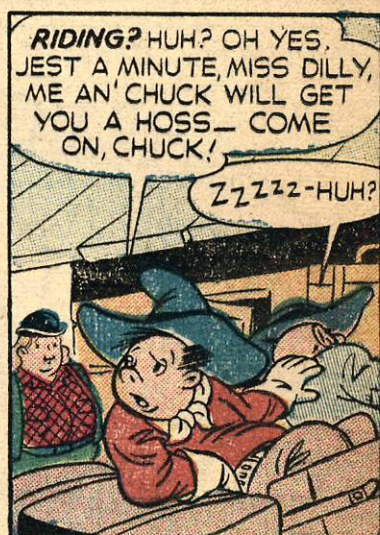
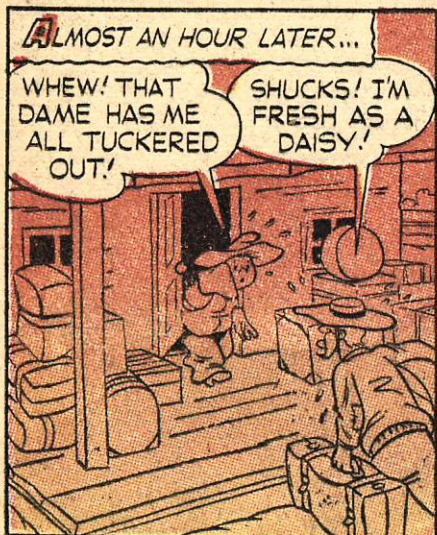


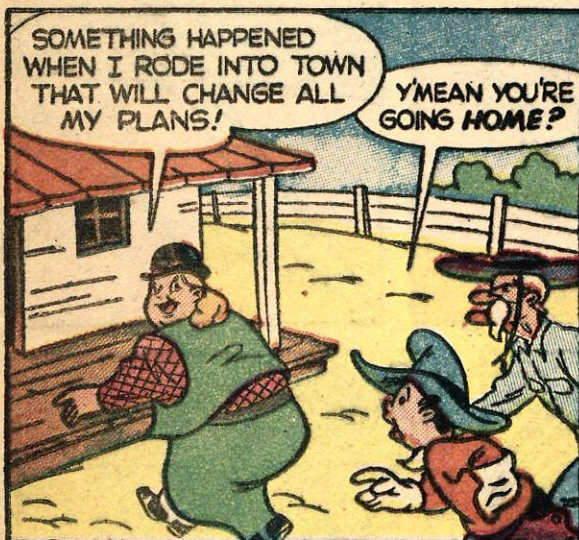
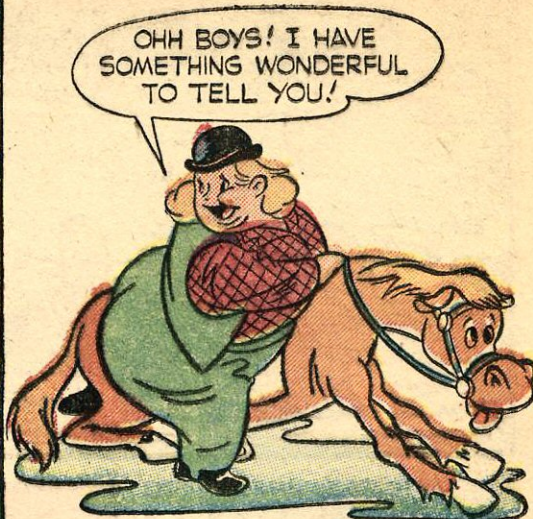
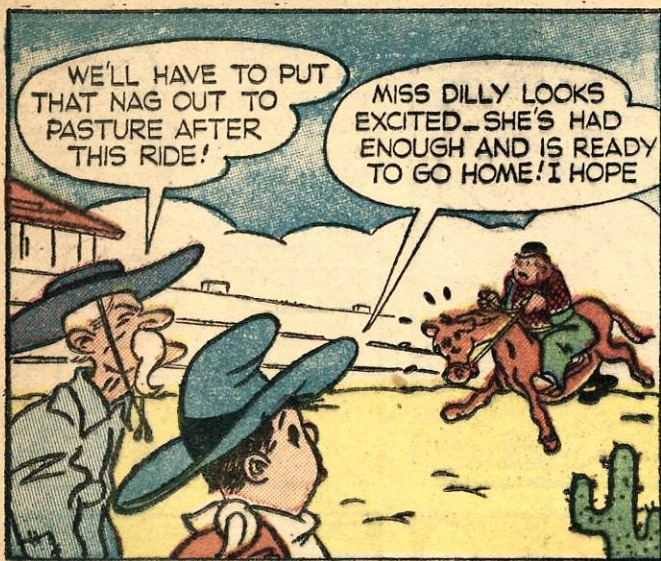
**HURRY, BOYS-I'M
SO EAGER TO SEE
EVERYTHING!**

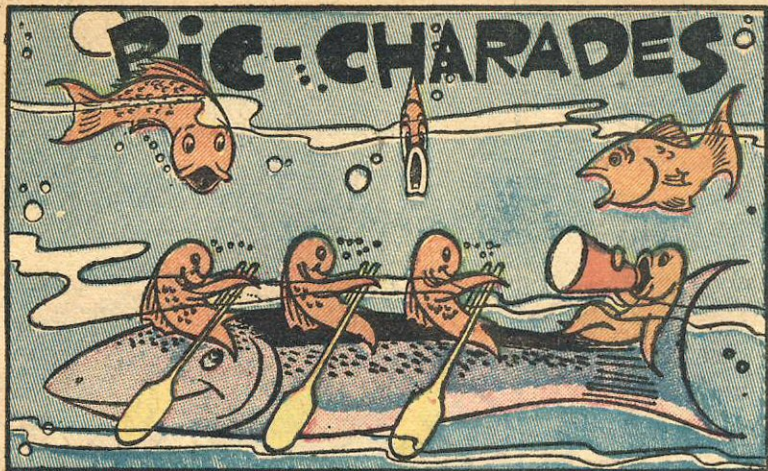
**WHEW! YOU GET
THE BAGS, CHUCK,
WHILE I SHOW MISS
DILLY AROUND!**

**I MUST BE LOCO TO LISTEN
TO PUNCHY AND THOSE FOOL
IDEAS ABOUT A DUDE
RANCH!**

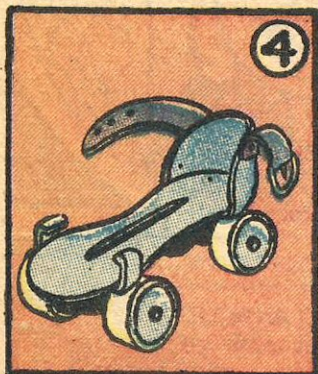
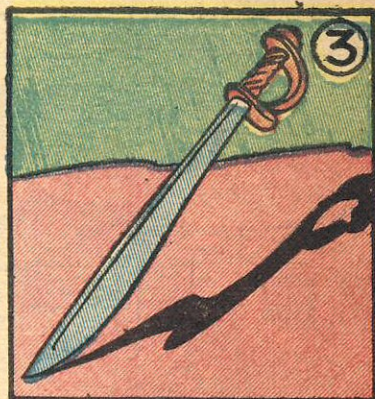
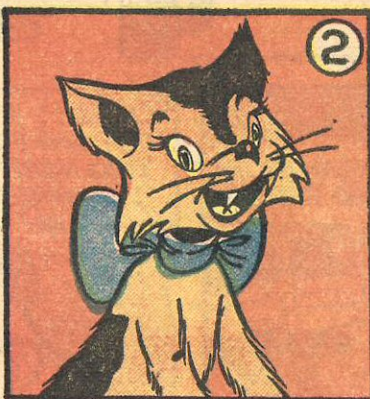
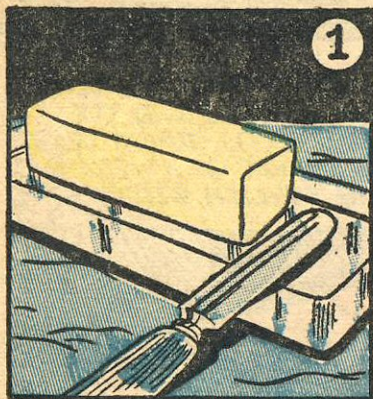








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by
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MAKING THOSE
SUDDEN STOPS
AGAIN!

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WATCH DOG WE
EVER HAD!

OF COURSE IT DOESN'T
HURT THEM... THEY'RE
HAPPY, SEE? THEY'RE
WAGGING THEIR TAILS!

IS THIS THE APARTMENT
THAT WAS BANGING ON
THE RADIATOR FOR MORE
HEAT?

PUT IT IN YOUR
GLOVE FOR LUCK!



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